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Range Tales

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By

EDWIN
B.
HILL

Dedication
TO MY FRIENDS AT
T H R E E - B A R - X
PRESENT, PAST, FUTURE



RANGE TALES

By EDWIN B. HILL

A few stories based on scenes and incidents inspired by the Arizona country. Here all nature is riotous in her appeal to those who seek to hold communion with the grand and beautiful. The rainbow hues of the canyon, the parched sands of the desert, the mountain peak towering toward high Heaven, the wooded dell, the swiftly flowing river — all unite in a call to the soul that must respond unless it be calloused by mean and sordid things.

W.O.W



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FOREWORD

I count it a great privilege and a great honor to write this prefatory word. I have known the author since boyhood days, when we both worshipped at the shrine of amateur journalism and developed the attachment for printers' ink that has never deserted us.

One cannot read the Tales assembled in this booklet without sensing the real literary ability that brought them into being. Moreover, I may add that we would have a profound admiration for the writer could we realize the difficulties under which he has labored in producing them.

After all, we know but little about those whom we call friends. We chat with them, but we know nothing about the heart-aches, nothing about the trials and temptations, and with a word of the commonplace, when the human touch is needed, we pass on.

The world is too busy, too formal, too merciless, too intent upon the dollar to pause in its headlong rush towards the commercial with the result that the finer sensibilities of the soul become smothered by materialism.

God be praised however that here and there may be found those who have not forgotten the Sermon on the Mount. They are indeed "the salt of the earth." They radiate the gospel of good cheer and neighborliness and their daily deeds modestly performed are oases in the vast expanse of things material.

In these Tales we find a string of pearls. Each one is an entity in itself, yet each one breathes the spirit of the free air of hill and plain. The simile is perfected in the relationship that exists between them. They are strung upon the cord of philately, than which there is no finer hobby in all the world.

Would you know more of the charms of fair Philatelia? You will find the Goddess gracious as you enter her presence, patient as she unfolds her mysteries and entrancing as you become better acquainted with her. May these Tales not only entertain you, but lead you on into the delights of the hobby universal.

WILLARD O. WYLIE.

BEVERLY, MASS., May 15, 1916.

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ACROSS THE DIVIDE.

NUMBER ONE.

The red headed girl at the general delivery window in the postoffice of Willow was chewing gum, quite audibly, as she ran through a bundle of letters from the box labeled "M". The patron at the window who was delaying the sale of a "book o' two's" was also busy with a piece of gum, of spruce variety, a handful of which was cumbering the glass change-counter in front of the Titian beauty. I myself arrived in time to hear the fag end of the following conversation.

"As I was sayin' to my first wife, gum is the gift o' the gods to them that has teeth, or—"

"Or a good dentist," ended the r. h. g.

They both laughed, and then the man was turning away. Here the girl sighted me, waiting,—waiting patiently for my book o' two's, and her face at once matched her hair.

"I do beg your pardon," she began. "I wanted to ask if you'd—"

"Have a piece of gum," drawled the other voice as the owner passed out the door.

Certainly we had to laugh at this, and as the red headed girl had a sense of humor, she pushed along a couple pieces of gum, clinching the humor issue irreversibly.

"That's Frevor Moore," she said. "He is the one other stamp collector on the range. I wanted you to meet him. I told him you'd brought your collection with you, most likely, and I know he'd be glad to see it. He'll be back, so wait."

I waited. It was not ten minutes before the door was shadowed by the gum man. I had opportunity then to observe him more carefully,—a youngish man but with hair quite grey, and brown eyes that looked at you and far beyond. His walk was quietness itself,—as though in his stride he touched only the air. On his head was the inevitable wide-brim, grey white hat of Philadelphia make and Arizona adoption. He wore a light blue shirt, and his trousers were of khaki. Around his waist was a belt, but with the essential "forty-five", gun and scabbard, now absent. The stable held both I was sure, for in this

frontier town the new arrival is allowed thirty minutes to shed his gun, if sober; otherwise, as many seconds suffice.

Moore came directly to me, the informal introduction over, his face alight with friendship.

"Yes, I, too, am a stamp-lover, in a small way, and as we are the only ones this side Tucson we ought to be good company, eh?"

The heat of Arizona midday was forgotten. It was the one oasis in months of desert-waiting. Moore's language, too, betrayed the culture which was sloughed when he talked with the girl,—whereat I wondered.

"Give my love to your first wife," called the red-headed girl, as we went into the open, and she out of this story.

My companion laughed his infectious laugh, and then explained that his "first wife" was a neighbor's child, age six, for whom he had promised to "wait while she grew up."

"I want you to saddle up and come with me," said my new friend. "We'll be gone a fortnight, up at Three-Bar-X, and I'll show you something in stamps that will open your eyes. They're not mine. It's the collection of a Spanish boy—Mexican—who was at the *rodeo* last year. Now he's in Mexico with one of the rebel bands. He's a fine boy, college-bred, and altogether too good to be tangled up in that affair. But," after a pause, "it's his business, not mine."

Within an hour, we were riding into the mountains. The second day we arrived at the long, low adobe ranch-house, peopled by two collies and a Chinese cook. The boys, Moore explained, were "out on the range."

My host dived into a basin of water like a bird taking a plunge. "Best way to get cool," he explained. I was more circumspect.

"Now for the stamps," he said, as we finished dampening the towels. Moore's collection, mounted in several old International albums, vintage of '04, was not of great moment, although it contained some scarce United States, among them a set of the 1869 issue, and some B. N. A.'s that would pleasure even the most

jaded collector. I recall New Brunswick one shilling, unused, without gum—"eaten by ants in India," explained the owner, sadly—and Cape Triangulars, fairly complete, in all printings, except the wood-blocks. There were some old Germans, too, which were notable for margins and cleanliness; and Sarawak was represented by No. 1, used, the rest nearly complete.

"I lived there—once," explained my host, in a voice which had the sound of a closed book.

And so I turned the leaves to the end.

Moore arose, and from beneath the cot pulled forth a trunk of prehistoric brand. He lifted the lid. "Here it is," said he, fondly, "and it's worth while,—this lot of stamps."

The collection was housed in a fine mahogany box, brass mounted. The albums, which were of the blank style, showed evidence of careful handling.

"Mexico's the one country," said Moore, as he passed the books over to me. It was. My eyes opened. Here was a specialist's collection, fully "written up." My familiarity with Castilian made the thing a revelation.

"It's *all* there," said my host, "Everything."

And it was. Stamps surcharged with district names, and errors with and without; everything regular and irregular, complete,—fine, clean, well-centered. Many stamps had their history carefully written out in a beautiful hand.

I turned the leaves, and gasped.

"Campeche—yellow paper, and the white," declared my host, "and also complete, on the original."

The rare Chiapas were there, too, and Guadalajara, while Cuernavaca—Monterey—Patzcuaro—Zocatecas (the last four doubtful as to authenticity) were there to prove their right to live in a specialist's collection.

"The man who collected these," said I, "certainly,—well, there must be a story connected with it all?"

"Right," exclaimed Moore; and, after a few silent puffs at his pipe, he began.

"José Escalante, when a student in the University at Mexico City, became in-

terested in the stamps of his country through friendship with a fellow student, —Santiago Garcia. It seems that some of Garcia's relatives had a room in the hacienda full of old letters, and Santiago, vacation time, spent his leisure hours looking them over for the stamps. There was about everything there, principally on covers. He wasn't allowed to absorb the letters where envelopes had been dispensed with, so he soaked the stamps off. That was the beginning. Collectors, as you no doubt are aware, are reborn in attics and in store-rooms, no matter where they first saw light.

"There was four years of college life and then José and Santiago separated. Each had a fair collection of its kind; but a few months later, when death made Santiago heir to the hacienda, and its grounds, with wealth besides in gold, the college chum was summoned. Further search of the store-room disclosed the greatest rarities known to collectors,—the Campeche. One year of work over these collections was rewarded most richly. The room was wealth personified. And then the mounting, and the study, and the writing-up! Other collections yielded their treasures, too, through the medium of exchange and purchase. Finally, both collections were merged into one.

"Then, at the end of the year, came the revolt against Diaz of the Iron Hand. Santiago was taken out, one morning, blind-folded, stood against a stone wall, and before the smoke cleared away, he was at rest forever. José had taken no part in the quarrel until Diaz refused to intervene in the decree of death. It was a costly thing for that wily old diplomat, and led to his exile.

"José owns the collection, now. He is in revolt against the existing government. Any day I expect to hear of his end. But, you know the Mexican,—all that must be, shall be. With him Fate rules everything."

Moore puffed at his pipe in silence. I looked across the divide, seeing in vision a boy dying for a great principle. The sun dipped; then it sank behind the foothills, and left each of us alone with his thoughts.

“UNTO THIS LAST.”

NUMBER TWO.

The Arizona summer with its heat had passed and the coming winter had begun to call the tourist from the East. The snow-clad peaks of Superstition range and the Matabals reached heavenward in forlorn visibility. I felt desolate as they, for my friend, Trevor Moore, had gone into the hills during what we called Autumn to stay until Spring. With him had gone a gadding tourist of an Englishman,—one of those gentlemen to whom everything is strange and some things worth inquiring about. It was an axiom at Willow to save your lies for natives, and tell strangers the truth. That is why I steered clear of the Briton. I'd have to lie to him if he was receptive, although it would be merely passing on the local items retailed to me by cow-puncher or sheep-herder. So I hid out, and saw Moore depart for the hills with him in tow.

“Mr. Moore was looking for you,” said the red-headed girl in the post-office when I collected four days' mail an hour after the cavalcade was out of sight. “He wanted you to meet his friend, Algeron Prince.”

“Ha! Prince, eh? Ha!” I replied, somewhat testily.

“Cheer up! You won't be bothered till Spring,” said the girl, hopefully. “Too bad it's so short a time.”

That was the straw. The red-headed girl saw I was splashed and so she let it soak in.

After this little exchange of amenities, she was most kind and forgiving. I felt this intuitively; for she went so far as to show me His picture—a nice gentle cow-puncher who worked up at Moore's ranch. I knew and liked him.

Well, I “holed up” until the snow melted, the winter floods passed, and the green showed on the mountains.

Then it was, that, one day Moore came into the postoffice with his quick soft step, grasped my hand warmly, and burst out:

“Heard the news? Madero dead—murdered—and I'm afraid for José—sore afraid he's gone out, too. I'm down here to get word.”

There were letters galore, but not *the* letter.

“No news is bad news,” declared Moore. “But I want you to come up to the ranch with me and meet my friend, Prince,” he continued.

“Ha!” ejaculated the red-haired girl, and then busied herself amongst the letters. I shrunk properly. That stab from her was entirely unnecessary.

“Glad—er—glad to go!” I replied; and I was. So we rode forth into the mountains.

At the ranch-house I was introduced to Algeron Prince, of London. He knew his Lamb and his Coleridge and his Keats,—and I cursed my stupidity and boorishness. Better than that, to me, just then, he knew stamps, as none besides,—while of the ways of the forger and the faker he was as familiar as with an open book. It was glorious! And I'd missed it all these months!

“Show him your collection of rarities,” suggested Moore, as he puffed at his pipe.

Prince went over to Moore's trunk, and pulled forth a small black volume.

“In mourning,” he laughingly declared as he passed it over to me.

I opened the book at the first page. The sight took my breath. Hawaii! Missionaries! Eight of them! There was a sight for the gods! I gloated and gloated; for these were the first of those famous stamps I had ever seen.

“And every one a gem,—if only they were perfect,” added Prince, sadly.

I looked again. Then I took the book into a better light. My eyes, schooled as they were to search for skilful repairs, with difficulty discerned the work of an artist in every stamp.

“Blanque! As I'm a sinner!” burst from my lips.

“Yes; the greatest of them all,” said Prince. “There are just 229 stamps in that book, worth as many thousand pounds if perfect, every one of which has been repaired by that wonderful artist, Blanque, of Paris. One year ago he died. These were his legacy to me,—his swan-song,—the gems of his curious collection. You knew the old man?

Not a perfect stamp in his small shop. Every one had been repaired by himself. Why, he must have restored rarities worth millions of pounds. Good old Blanque! I can see him now, amongst his darlings, as he called them,—those ruins of rarities. He taught me to respect his art, which has died with him."

Prince slowly filled a pipe as I looked through the volume, noting the world's greatest rarities made to look as good as the best. But always I recurred to the Missionaries.

"Blanque was a character, and the soul of integrity, too," said Moore. "I knew him fairly well the last two years of his life. Don't you remember, Prince, how I asked him once to alter a common variety into a rarity? I wanted to use it as a joke when I went back to London. I can see, now, how the old man's hand trembled as he took from his stock-book a copy of this rarity, and handed it to me. 'Yours,' he said. I tried to explain. The old man waved me off, and went into the rear room, closing the door. My eye! I was in a stew until you dropped in and I explained. Then I went to my *pension* until you came for me.

"I have that stamp yet. And the memory, too, of an insulted and hurt old man. He was apology personified, I remember, when you fetched me across Paris to him. But I never forgot it,—nor did he."

As we sat there, looking across the mesa, suddenly the rhythmic sound of hoof-beats came on the breeze from far-away but beating nearer.

Moore dropped his pipe and sprang to the open door. We crowded the narrow entry into the open.

A solitary horseman, mounted upon a sorry animal, was close upon us. He was an Indian, and rode as if he had come a long distance. He was on the verge of falling as we caught him, swaying in the saddle. Moore helped the man indoors, and gave him water. He thanked us gravely, and then, looking intently at Moore, spoke slowly in perfect English:

"Senor, he is dead. He sent me to tell you. I—I follow quickly."

That was all, in English. Then, in his adoptive Spanish, he poured forth his soul of love and affectionate remembrance. He was the last of his tribe,—the last of the house where he had served three generations. Huerta's men had trapped his master to his death with Madero that bloody day. José knew the end long before it came. His people were not ready,—the reforms were in advance of their time. And so that was the end; that was Fate.

That night the old man, too, slept into the Silence. We buried him at dawn, where the sun shone first upon the hilltop, and the evening sun last at night. "Faithful to the End," we carved upon his headboard.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF JIMMY O'.

NUMBER THREE.

It was the early morning of an Arizona spring day, which is different from a day in spring elsewhere in the world. The air pulsed with heat. There was not a breath to raise even a grain of sand. Trevor Moore and I sat in the shadow of my tent-house at Willow, watching the trail which led across the divide to Lazy Bar ranch.

"In an hour or so you'll see a whirlwind up there, from which eventually will emerge Jimmy O', hitting the high spots in his burning haste to get to Phoenicia," said Moore. "He will not be back until two months' pay—\$90—has been duly added to the assets of the local bars, and the joys of poker have eaten up what he calls his hard-saved earnings. It's his last chance, for election is coming, and the county may go dry."

We watched the trail. It was as Moore predicted.

Jimmy O'.—short for O'Callaghan—was Irish in name and in wit. The rest was pure American.

The horse was very tired, after the long ride, but Jimmy O', the lust of strife in his bearing, was as chipper as usual with that somewhat cynical cow-puncher.

"I'll just hang my gun and scabbard here till I get back," began Jimmy, "an' the cayuse I'll anchor till he rests a bit."

"Better leave him here till you return," I suggested. "The train goes in a couple of hours."

"Yes, Jimmy O', and it will get you there at least an hour before you can ride it," said Moore.

Jimmy looked dubiously at us.

"You'll get action that much sooner," cynically added Moore.

A slow grin spread over Jimmy's face. "I need it, fer I'm sure full o' the milk o' human kindness this lovely hot day," declared Jimmy, as he perilously slanted a chair against the side of the tent-house, sagged into it, and began his monologue as he rolled the inevitable cigarette.

"I knew a boy once who had a fine collection of tobacco tags—complete, too.

He used to keep 'em on an album made of boards, detachable—sort of a walking lumber-yard. When he stopped collectin', he built a house o' the boards, I'm told, an' gave the tags to a can factory."

Jimmy rolled another cigarette and then added, as afterthought: "Wrote a mon-e-graph on the collection, too. It won the prize offered by the Tin Tag Association of the United States of America, Limited."

Jimmy grinned appreciatively at his humor. Moore and I were silent. Jimmy smoked in the calm of unruffled serenity.

The train bore Jimmy away duly. For three days, Moore and I milled around town, now and then dragging out my old albums and swapping stories about "finds" we had experienced or read of. The morning of the fourth day, we sat in front of the tent-house.

"It's a curious thing the way stamp collectors scent one another," declared Moore. "Reminds me of Willy Vauxhall, back East. Willy was a nice, cheerful boy who, besides being an ardent collector of stamps, chiefly Confederate, had the reputation of making love to about a dozen girls at a time. 'Willy,' his former school-teacher confided to me, 'Willy can scent a skirt farther than any boy I ever taught, and I've had twenty years' experience.'

"Which one will he marry?" I asked, interestedly.

The school-teacher gave me a pitying look.

"He hasn't met her yet," she said. "When he does you'll get the announcement cards post-haste."

"And I did. Willy collected her inside six months."

"You see, old man," Willy explained after the honeymoon, "Betty had a fine collection of Confederate States. That's what brought us together. Of course—and then Willy drooled off into those rhapsodies we all know about."

Moore laughed joyously at the recollection.

"And now," he added, impressively, "there's a promising lot of young stamp collectors in the Vauxhall family."

The train arrived and departed. We watched it expectantly.

"Most time for Jimmy O'. to get back, don't you think?" I ventured.

"Today," Moore answered.

The afternoon was excessively warm. We lay down for the usual *siesta*. A slow step awakened us, and as we sat up, who should loom before us but Jimmy O'—sad of face and sore of feet.

Moore looked him over coldly.

"Nice walk you had?"

Jimmy nodded. Then he hit the *olla* frequently for ten minutes before his mood melted.

"When I left here four days ago," began Jimmy, impressively, "I had it all framed up fer the usual time—a farewell, maybe. But I met an old cow-puncher from across the Gila—Johnny Williams, of Swastika K. Johnny and I were in Ad's place. Johnny had spent most all his money and he was sure some joyful at meeting up with an old friend who needed aid in relaxing a straining purse. While we were tellin' each other all our joys, in come a youngish chap—lunger, I thought—with a big book under his arm, all wrapped up. He talked with the bar-tender for awhile. Nothing doing in the literary line."

"Come on over an' have one with us," says Johnny, thinking the chap was thirsty. He came over to the table, set the book down with his hat on top, and said:

"Thank you. I won't drink. But—say—I'm sure lonesome and homesick and I want to know if either of you gentlemen has ever been in Michigan?"

Johnny grabbed his hand. "The Lord love ye, lad! I was raised there—born an' raised there—Ann Arbor."

"The boy was from a burg he called Lodi, near that town. And then they talked an' talked—names an' things that didn't mean anything to me."

"An' here we are," says Johnny, "more than two thousand miles from it all!"

"With that the boy just lay his head down on the table. We felt it shake. Johnny looked at me, his face full o' grief an' pain. I passed him my belt—\$87.50 left o' that \$90 I set out with.

"'From the old folks at home,' says Johnny joyous-like, as he hung it around the lad's neck. Then we all drank ginger ale—on the house. Me, too," and Jimmy O' sighed.

"Come to find out, the lad was dyin' of homesickness, not lungs. And say! He couldn't get to the train soon enough! Didn't even stop to rope his trunk!"

"It's a loan, Johnny—a loan, and it's saved my life!" He kept sayin' it over an' over—'saved my life—saved my life.'

"Just before he got on the train he poked the book in Johnny's hands. 'Keep it—from me—it's all I got!' He couldn't say any more. Neither could we. Then he went into the car, and Johnny and I went back to the place 'whence all but him had fled.'

"Here! You keep it—it's yours," says Johnny, and he made me take the package. Then I walked back—fer discipline—fer discipline."

Jimmy O' passed the book to Moore, went over to an empty hammock, stretched out, and promptly fell asleep. Moore loosed the cord, disclosing a cloth-bound International. There was little in it besides old Germans. Then, like "stout Cortez" of the poem (but Balboa in fact) we

"Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—

Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

The German States were not complete, but there was richness. Baden No. 1 was unused,—a fine stamp, well-centered, and with large margins. The rest were used. Bavaria was complete, while Oldenburg claimed Nos. 4, 5, and 11, with others less rare. Thurn-Taxis, North German Postal District, and the Empire made fine showings,—in fact, it was a notable lot of nice things.

Jimmy O' awoke just before sun-down. "Next week," he began the monologue impressively, "is the election. Jimmy O' goes dry. He puts his money in other things. Stamps, fer instance."

Then he turned to me, with his usual slow grin.

"An' while we're waitin' to grub up, you might lend me a copy o' MEKEEL'S to read. I sure do need lit'ry trainin'."

THE ILLS OF JIMMY O'.

NUMBER FOUR.

The streets of Willow ran yellow with mingled 'dobe and water. Real rain had fallen upon the unsuspecting earth, and for fully three days the sun had not shone,—an unprecedented thing for Arizona.

"Right here is where I begin to get some peevish," declared my friend, Jimmy O', as he looked out upon the lowering sky. "Three days I can stand it, then I seek solitude, or I fight my best friends."

Now Jimmy O', be it known, had forsaken the way of the transgressor on pleasure bent, *via* the cow-boy route, and was hoarding his coin-of-the-realm to augment his "collection," donated—with the aid of \$87.50 of Jimmy O'.s cash—by his bosom friend, Johnny Williams, of the Gila country; all of which has been duly set forth "in a previous issue," as the magazines say. Jimmy O'. was just returning from a fortnight's visit to Johnny, and had reached my shack when the skies opened. For three days Jimmy had soaked up rain and stampic information alternately. But Jimmy could cook, and he was "good company," so I could endure a fortnight of him—almost—during a rain in Arizona.

"Finest climate in the world," chirped Jimmy. "Great country, too, until they put water on it. Now we're ruined."

Jimmy looked as gloomy as the skies. He made it personal. For me, I failed to see wherein the ruin lay. Six or seven crops of alfalfa a year under irrigation looked good to me. But Jimmy rambled on, and I knew something worth while was sure to follow, especially when he began deftly with one hand to roll a cigarette.

"The greatest game of baseball I ever saw was on Grand Island, Niagara River, on the 3d or 5th of July, '89. There was a collection of stamps on third base, and every man who reached it had his pick free. I don't just remember who got first choice, but I managed to get a couple."

This was the point where I sat up suddenly. Jimmy was just 26: that

settled him. Then I remembered. There were some old amateur papers in the tent-house, vintage of the '80's and '90's, and Jimmy had been absorbing them with a purpose.

"Fine bunch o' sports. Friends o' mine, too. There was Sammy Stinson, who knocked always three-baggers; an' there was 'Willow,' who never agreed with 'Anti,' and them two delayed the game in-or-di-nate-ly. An' there was another friend o' mine there, too, who was some unfortunate. He never got to third base."

Be it known, *en parenthese*, that on that day of July, '89, both the managing editor of MEKEEL'S WEEKLY and the humble writer of these sketches played in a game of base ball at the place designated. It was a battle royal between the East and the West, members of the National Amateur Press Association. But there wasn't a stamp collection on third base,—only a keg of water. I shall never forget that, for I nearly died of thirst. I was the old friend Jimmy felt sorry for!

"It was a great convention," continued Jimmy. "I think I got these two stamps yet." He fumbled amongst some letters inside his shirt, drew forth a tattered envelope, and extracted a fragment of an approval sheet, which he passed over to me.

If I sat up when Jimmy began his monologue, I sat up some more here and now, for what my eyes rested on were two copies of the six cents Proprietary, orange, in immaculate condition, as like as two perfect stamps could be.

"And I says to myself, last week," continued Jimmy, ungrammatically, "if the gods are good, and I survive, I'll give one o' these souvenirs to a friend o' mine who sure got less than he deserved at that game in '89."

Whereupon Jimmy held out his hand for the sheet, gazed at it intently, detached the copy which he deemed the preferable, and passed it back to me. The other he poked into his breast-works once more, and resumed his attention to another cigarette.

"One lovely day in April," he began after I had expressed my thanks, "One lovely day in April, as I said before—and it didn't rain, either—Mr. James O., for short, went to see his friend Johnny W. for long—say a couple o' weeks."

I feared the absorption of recent magazine literature was corrupting Jimmy's "style," but he abruptly swung into his pace. I grew more interested.

"Gila is all right for about nine days. Then you wonder if you can stand it four more. The wonder gets on your nerves. Mine, that is. Johnny and I wore it out on the round-up, and then I began to wish I had an old catalogue along. I took to prowling around town. About four days after—it was the last day I was there—I hit on a drug store, run by an old codger who'd brought his junk out from the East in a prairie schooner, and most of it was there yet,—vintage o' 66. My eye! It was funny! An' then I spotted a bottle with a stamp—one o' those Father-of-His-Country affairs. 'Never say die,' says I. 'While there's life there's hope. Jimmy O., you're on the verge of a great find. Go slow—but not too slow. Also, you may have to borrow money!'

"Say, the symptoms I developed would stump a horse-doctor, let alone a human one. Why, I had everything from cholera infantum to the heaves! Honest! And that old Ananias aided and abetted me, b'jinks! It cost me \$11.60—he knocked off a dollar and two bits when I had that acute attack of

'balm-for-women' disease—according to the symptom book—and the stamps. I annexed the only two bottles he had."

Here Jimmy waved his cigarette hand at the phantom six-cents Proprietary. "It was real unlady-like of him, but I sure appreciated it—him making me think I had it bad," declared Jimmy, with his humorous grin. "An' say! I found when I rode on to Johnny's, to say good bye, that nine o' them bottles had busted on me, an' my saddle-bags was sure some afloat. But I saved the stamps."

Then Jimmy proceeded to dig out more letters from which another sheet was finally extracted. And I gloated! A four cents vermillion D. S. Barnes,—a one cent black Brandreth, perforated,—a two cents black, P. H. Drake & Co.,—and a six cents orange, James Swaim, were among the treasures. I figured Jimmy had acquired about \$700.00, catalogue value, for his \$11.60.

"An' now," said Jimmy, "as the sun begins to show symptoms, I reckon I'll saddle up and hustle along to Three Bar X. You see, I fed them two bottles o' that woman's friend to a Pima buck who sure had a thirst. He thought it was a new brand o' firewater. I bet he got revenge on his squaw, somethin' fierce. Johnny told me they was a dep'ty sheriff lookin' fer a young man on a pinto horse. I fear that's my name. I tell you, son, you let women alone!"

With which advice, Jimmy rapidly effaced himself from the borderland of Willow.

THE CONVERSION OF EDDY FYNE.

NUMBER FIVE.

The first time I saw Eddy Fyne he was slumbering in my hammock. On the ground, at his side, sat Jimmy O., deep in a game of solitaire. They had ridden in before daylight, silently staked out their horses, and patiently awaited signs of life in my shack. There was none, for I was asleep on my cot, the far-side of the tent-house, in the open. When I awoke, in the gray of dawn, I ambled around the corner of the shack. From the contour of Jimmy's back, I knew there was something adrift in that brain of his besides solitaire. It couldn't bode good for Jimmy's companion.

Eddy had a sweetly childish face,—also the reddest hair and the curliest I had ever seen. Also, he was the typical cow-puncher, even in sleep.

As soon as Jimmy O. heard my footstep, without turning his head or saying "hello!" he began his usual monologue.

"As I was tellin' my recumbent an' slumberin' friend, you are the most hospitable man off the range. You 'low us to occupy your best hammock; you permit me to play solitaire on the spot where your lawn refuses to grow; you let us feed an' anchor our cayuses anywhere we opine; you sure grub us like men when we ought to eat husks with the swine."

Jimmy rolled a cigarette, deftly lighted a match with his finger-nail, ostentatiously, however, touching it to Eddy's curls, and then resumed:

"And you let us read your papers an' books an' look at your stamps. Now Eddy, here, opines he hates stamps, so I bought a book—'Care an' Feedin' o' Infants'—when I was over in Phoenicia las' month. Then I played poker with Eddy, loser to read the book. Nine games I won, so far, off Eddy. He sure has got the infant dope properly broke. Why, las' week they was a Mex. kid at El Rancho Chiquita had colic or somethin'—fit to die. Eddy saved his life, all account o' them poker games he lost. I tell you, Eddy's some doctor. Took charge o' that kid's grub an' his ma's diet an' now—now you ought to see him—the kid."

Eddy, showing signs of awaking, Jimmy promptly yelled, "Yi! Yah!" in his ear. Eddy immediately rolled out of the hammock, hit the ground full length, gasped for breath, and finally sat up, speechless.

"Some day he'll be hammock-broke," said Jimmy, with his slow grin. "Meantime, seein' he's shed 'is gun, we're safe."

Eddy rose slowly to his feet, was properly introduced and, at Jimmy's instigation, explained why he chose the hammock instead of the ground for his slumbers.

"You see, it's this way. Jimmy O., here, was brought up in a hammock, holdin' hands bein' his strongest point."

"Yep. Poker hands," interjected Jimmy O.

"Me, I was born on the range," continued Eddy.

"Nursed by a wolf, like the Roman twins, which makes him so fierce," grinned Jimmy.

"An' this hammock game continues new to me," completed Eddy.

Then Eddy looked at his disenchanter again, crawled in carefully, and, to Jimmy's sharp—"in agin—an' out agin"—promptly rolled out the opposite side, flop.

"Me—I stick to the ground," Eddy declared, finally, as he sagged against the cool sides of the water barrel.

"So I see—so I see," said Jimmy. "Which causes me to recall the time that Michigan kid rode the range fer four months an' four days, 'cause his pa owned the ranche, an' the kid an' he was some sore at each other, all on account o' a girl. Now the kid had ideas, an' he was hammock-broke—used to sit in one o' nights, an' swing an' swing till he near swung himself to sleep—him an' the girl. The kid had ideas, too, as I said before. But—ride! Say! he wouldn't learn horse in 'leven-teen years. Swim, though, like a fish, an' always in the water when he wasn't in the saddle. Now me—I used to swim nine strokes er more in my innercent youth—"

"—which was innercent in a previous existence," interpolated Eddy.

Jimmy O'. rolled another cigarette, lighted the match *via* Eddy's hair, and swept on with his narrative.

"Rio Salada is sure tame up Blue Point way, except in flood-time. Then she's worse'n an outlaw broncho. Well, one morning the river come up flyin',—rose 'leven feet—me on one side, with a big bunch o' cattle, an' the kid on the other with a big bunch o' grub. Say! I near choked I was so hungry—an' 'leven feet o' water only a stone's throw between. Me—I know the ole Rio Salada. The kid don't. Well, sir, as we sat there, lookin' calm an' pleasant an' feelin' properly unfit, along comes a dead sheep. Then another. Then more sheep. Then a burro, laigs up.

"When I see that burro, I knew what's next. An' then, sir, along floats a herder, hangin' to a log.

"Now the river makes a bend half a mile down an' they's a whirlpool there. That herder—I knew him—he sure was white as any Mex. you ever see. He called out somethin' an' shook his head. One arm was hangin' loose—broke—an' he couldn't do much but hang on. Me—I just run fer my cayuse, but the kid yelled at me an' took a dive into that there yellow hell. I seen my best hold was to catch 'em at the whirl, as they come out—if they did. So I raced fer it, an' got there just in time to see the kid helpin' that Mex. by his good arm an' both windin' their laigs around that log. Then, sir,—well, I took plum' sick to my stummick, fer they both disappeared. What seemed to me 'bout a week er mebbe ten days later they popped up an' floated off down stream, the kid hangin' to that Mex. some fierce. That time they was both still. Me—I swum out on Pinto an' got 'em. The Mex. was mighty grateful—and the kid—"

Jimmy rocked back and forth in joyous laughter.

"The kid 'lowed I was the one who was doin' the great an' noble—me!

Swimmin' ole Pinto into smooth water an' towin' them two ashore!"

I knew the spot; also, I knew that half a mile below the place Jimmy O'. made his entry into the water, which ran like a mill-race, was another and a far worse swirl wherein was hope for neither man nor beast. Jimmy knew it, too,—only he didn't know that I knew,—which is the reason he told the tale.

Jimmy rolled another cigarette.

"The kid an' the Mex. an' me there—we was so busy we didn't notice the kid's pa an' a lady lookin' on, havin' just rode up. Say, just about that time I had stage-fright somethin' fierce. But it was all right. Pa was busy forgiven' the kid—an' the lady—say, I got the cards las' week—named him Jimmy, too."

"Might send 'em the 'Care an' Feedin'," interpolated Eddy.

"No, sir; you need that there book, 'specially the care," carromed Jimmy.

"Nope. I yearn fer one more game," said Eddy.

"An' fer the tenth time you read up on babies," chortled Jimmy.

"No, sir," declared Eddy, finally; "not fer me. I know it all by heart, now, for'ard an' back. But I tell you what—play you for than seven-dollar c'lection o' stamps you bought off that kid in Phoenicia."

The game progressed. It was carefully played on both sides—artfully as well, I thought, on Jimmy's part. When it was ended, Jimmy's slow grin did its usual stunt.

"An' by such unholy means are c'lecters made," he said as he passed over the seven-dollar outfit.

"Born, Jimmy O', born," corrected Eddy. "I been wantin' that c'lection ever since I read that kid book fer the ninth time. I sure couldn't go it ten an' live. I tell you what—I'm goin' to make that Mex. kid a c'lecter before he grows up to the age of indiscretion."

Then we all hit the *olla* for a drink of cool water.

THE LOST VOICE.

NUMBER SIX.

I had just finished tidying up in the two rooms and the *patio* of the tent-house when Trevor Moore swung from his horse and headed for the hammock.

"Oh! come with me and I will do thee good!" he chanted, gleefully, as we clasped hands.

"Thank you, no: I've been done twice this morning, and a third time will sure make me peevid."

We sat in the shade while Moore listened to the process, all of which shall be another story, "spoiled in the tellin'," as Jimmy O' would say.

"There will be a gathering o' the clans this morning," said Moore, when he was done laughing. "Jimmy O' will arrive, eventually, with Eddy Fyne, and when the day gets more feverish Johnny Williams will amble in on that pinto of his. You'll love Johnny. He is a college man who has sloughed his culture and talks Western as if he were to the manner born. It's the same thing with Jimmy O'. That boy is an undergraduate of a fresh-water college. In spots, you will recognize the culture he can't suppress. Johnny is different,—and, by the way; you're Ann Arbor born, and should know him or his people."

I raked my memory, but I could not recall the name, strive as I would.

We lazed in the *patio* the allotted time. Jimmy and Eddy Fyne were late. When they arrived, they tied their weary horses to the ground, and Jimmy O' began at once his usual monologue, where, evidently, he had left off pouring it into Eddy's unheeding ears:

"And say! He sure can sing! Why, that there Campanari who pulls 'em on their feet at the May Festivals can't hold a candle to him. No, sir. First time I ever heard 'im I sat on a rock an' wept real tears—me, Jimmy O'. It was at a Mexican kid's funeral. No one there but the kid's father an' mother an' sister an' Eddy here an' me."

"Me, too—I turned my back," asserted Eddy, shamefacedly.

"And who," broke in Moore, "who may it be that has made Campanari a back number?"

"Johnny—Johnny Williams. An' while we wait, might I read somethin'

fresh and startlin' in the Chiny surcharge column—or is it Greece today—or Montenegro?"

Jimmy rummaged among my philatelic papers and dug up his favorite. Eddy Fyne promptly fell asleep with a prehistoric metate for a pillow. Moore looked quizzically upon the somnolent Eddy, the literary Jimmy, and then sought solace in a long draught from the gourd at the *olla*. Then he lighted his pipe, and blew smoke rings till the air was full of them.

It was past noon when Eddy woke up, and Moore put away his pipe as Jimmy O' finished the last "ad" on the last page. Then we had lunch, the incomparable Eddy acting as cook and waiter. The siesta followed, and in mid-afternoon, when all were refreshed I dragged forth the phonograph.

Let it be known that the phonograph is another story, but I'll tell it here, in part. It was camp property, once, held in common, to which a bunch of diverse tastes had contributed cylinders. You might hear the raucous voice of a ballad-singer, or the wondrous notes of a grand opera star; coarseness and crudeness or fineness and finish; all were here, all dependent upon the taste of the record-buyer.

I wound and rewound the machine. Then finally we began the really excellent records. "Il Trovatore" was the first, and the galaxy lengthened with the day. When the last was ended, I looked at Jimmy O'. His face was a study. It was the surprise of my life—the face of a man who knew music and loved it and who, I felt in my heart, would lave his stained soul in it and die content.

Jimmy came to me at once and thanked me in a voice and with a manner I would never have associated with the Jimmy O' of a few hours ago. It was a new Jimmy O'—for five minutes. Then he broke the spell:

"Say! That sure fetched me. Haven't heard music like that these last six years."

Then Jimmy dragged forth the last WEEKLY, and began to study the small "ads" all over again.

A rush, a clatter, and a "yip! yip! yi!" foretold the arrival of Johnny Williams.

As host, I hastened to the tie-rail. The arrival was off his horse, and just turning toward me. The profile! I spoke the name (not Johnny Williams) of a once very dear friend who had gone out of my life utterly. It was the man himself as I knew him twenty-five years previous—and this man before me was not a day older. This fact came full force as I apologized and led the way back to the patio.

The friend, I recalled, had a voice. He sang for the delectation of his friends, then in Glee Club. Before leaving college, he married a girl student in the School of Music. I left the old home. Next I heard of them in vaudeville, she as violinist, he as baritone soloist. When they were in New Orleans, the fever struck, and they went out together.

The voice of Jimmy O'. recalled me from my reverie.

"An' when yon sun sinks to his rest, Johnny, me an' you an' Eddy will show that phonograph that it aint all the music in the world."

This was the nearest to self-praise I had ever heard from Jimmy O'. and I knew he never was far off the trail.

The sun touched the horizon, purpling the peaks, sank, and as the afterglow began to fade, the silence fell upon us.

Jimmy O'. stood by Johnny, who leaned lightly and alertly against the post of the *patio*. Eddy lounged nearby. Upon the soft summer air there fell unheralded a breathy note, the "Toreador," followed by the song in purest Spanish. I have heard Campanari, but never like that! It was the sweetest, richest, deepest, fullest baritone God ever put in mortal body! And from a cowboy at \$45 a month! Why, he might be earning twice that sum in a half hour! The song ended, and again silence fell.

Then Jimmy O'. started a cowboy song, in which Eddy and Johnny joined. Eddy had a fair bass, and Jimmy a sweet tenor which he would shift to soprano when the mood pleased him. Then Jimmy imitated a duet, tenor and soprano, which was funny as could be and surely would have been a hit in vaudeville.

An hour or so of song, then the silence fell again. Johnny finally broke it: "We'd best be going." I begged one more song. It was his choice, but one

I knew full well—and as the notes of "Lead, Kindly Light" rose and soared and died away, I was transported. It was *her* song, and his—sung many a night in the Athens of the West, on the old campus. And oh, the mist in the eyes,—the catch in the throat.

"That was my mother's favorite—and my father's", said Johnny, as he leaned from his horse to say good-bye. "You—you called me by his name. He wanted me to forget it. I use his mother's maiden name, now, until I come into my own."

Then he rode away—rode away—"into his own!"

Moore looked after the three friends as they disappeared into the dark.

"Poor chap! He'll never sing like that again—and he knows it. And the 'glory that was Greece' is denied him, even as 'the grandeur that was Rome' can never be his except in dreams. Poor pariah! Sweetness and light are his lode-stars.—his reward ashes and myrrh. He has an incurable disease of the vocal chords, which, at times, causes him wholly to lose his voice. Then it comes back again, and his song is heavenly. Each time the loss is greater, and on the return his song grows sweeter. But—tonight!"

I thought I caught sight of a tear in Moore's eye. The slow sound of hoof-beats came to our ears.

It was the saddest man's face I have ever seen,—the face of a man stricken,—which confronted us as, into the light of a hastily ignited candle, Jimmy O'. and Eddy Fyne supported the figure of Johnny Williams. From his lips a stream of crimson flowed steadily as the face grew whiter. We laid him upon my cot and succeeded finally in staunching the ebb of the life stream.

It was a fortnight before Johnny Williams was able to be about. Tender nursing by his friends was responsible for that. Another fortnight and he was fit as of old, but his singing voice was gone utterly. Johnny was the cheerfulest of the five, however. Jimmy O'.s heart seemed broken, and his vein of humor sealed.

It was Jimmy O'. who, the day the four started for Moore's ranch brought forth the stamp collection referred to in a previous history, and, putting it in Johnny's hands, said whimsically:

"We'll own it together, Johnny—an' in hist'ry it'll be referred to as 'the famous collection of the two J.'s'."

THE CARELESSNESS OF WILLY GROW.

NUMBER SEVEN.

"Whenever you see a four-eyed man, 'specially the kind that anchors the binacles back o' the ears, do your thinkin' first," said Jimmy O., oracularly, as he swung lazily in the hammock.

Jimmy's quizzically twisted smile meant another of his varied experiences, so I just held my tongue and waited.

"One a minute, I've had 'em—experiences," declared Jimmy, as he dug his boot-heel into the dust, and set the hammock swinging. Then he began to laugh until I feared hysteria.

"Reminds me o' the time I was punchin' cattle up on Wild Rye—Lazy S ranche. We had fer neighbor the meanest man the East ever turned loose, I reckon. And crooked—well, he couldn't turn a corner square. But he got his, good an' plenty—\$700 it cost him, too."

Jimmy felt in his shirt for his cigarette papers and his package of tobacco. They were missing. Then he laughed some more.

"Gee! that Mex. I lent the makin's to give me the cigarette an' kept the outfit!" Jimmy chortled at the trick which he had played so many times himself upon fellow cowboys.

"You see," resumed Jimmy, "this fellow—Old Crabapple we called him—had a buckskin outlaw that he'd made a standin' offer of \$100 to any man who'd ride him.

"Not for Jimmy—that blamed outlaw near bit my laig off once, an' then sat on my stummick for near twenty minutes—maybe ten—deliberatin'."

I laughed. Jimmy looked aggrieved. But he soon beamed again, and went on:

"One day, when we were all in the bunk-house, playin' solitaire or casino or old maid or somethin'—pay day being some remote—a man rode up on that same outlaw. Say, we fair fought to get into the clear to look him over. His saddle was cowboy, but some bob-tail; bridle, some silver; bit, more silver; and spurs—say, they was \$90 worth o' silver and work on 'em—an' rowels big as dollars an' wicked as a squaw full o' tiz-vin. But he didn't wear the spurs. They was tied on his saddle. I couldn't figger out his make-up—not me."

"Then I looked the man over some more careless-like. Overalls, new; boots, medium; shirt, new; vest, old; gun in scabbard, old, wood-handle Colt's .45; belt, full o' cartridges; and the gun-tied-down.

"This wasn't any tender-foot—not with a tied-down gun. Right there I begun to study him out. He wore steel-bow spectacles, glasses thick an' round as a dollar Mex., and he had the sweetest baby-like smile you ever see. Say, honest, I was fair scared o' that man's smile. He was too dern soft an' easy lookin' with that smile, an' too darn hard-as-nails lookin', an' that tied-down gun was more eloquent than a super-dreadnaught.

"Now they's a fool in every cow-camp. We had more'n our share—me an' Eddy Fyne. I was some slower 'n Eddy that time, 'count o' doin' the lookin'-over first.

"'Alight, stranger, an' anchor your cayuse,' says Eddy, genial-like.

"When I see that man swing off'n that horse, I hiked into the bunk-house an' thought hard. I couldn't just place him, but anyway I was mighty glad I'd done my thinkin' first.

"'I'd like to get on, here, if you please,' says the man, gentle-like, to Eddy.

"Me—I butted in quick: 'Sure! See the foreman.' Then I walked him over to the boss, an' he was took on.

"Nex' day I sure seen some ridin' o' that outlaw—plum gentle he was, too. An' that new cow-hand—say! when I see him drop a rope on that loco steer it all come back quick. Willy Grow! Late o' Wild Bill's Wild West, where he was some with the rope. Me—I was with that outfit one consecutive night when me an' ole Unc' Billy Barr mixed with the outfit fer fun, an' then beat it out o' town, not drawin' any pay. Too much like a circus fer me—them idiots applaudin' when Unc' Billy's saddle turned an' the bronchos near tromped him.

"As I was sayin', Willy was some puncher. He stayed with us till the end of the round-up. Then, when he drew his pay, we explained how ole Crab-

apple had offered \$100 to any man who'd ride that cayuse. Seven of us fixed it up. Funny thing about that outlaw. Willy'd go up to him an' puzzle his ears with some kind of eeny, meeny, miny, moo gibberish an' tell 'im to be good an' he'd be good. Then anyone could ride 'im.

"Well, as I was sayin' when you interrupted me, one likely mornin' we saddles up an' goes over to ole' Crabapple's.

"'Mornin',' says he, some polite an' gentle, lookin' at our guns, for we'd tied 'em all down. Me—I had two, an' Eddy had swiped cook's knife. Would a swiped another, only cooky yelled like you was stealin' candy.

"'Mornin,' says Willy, sweet an' soft. Say, ole' Crab was mad inside, fer he knew we meant some devilment. But he sure was polite as buckwheat cakes.

"We hear tell you've offered a premium fer any one who'll ride this here cayuse I paid you forty for," says Willy, cheerful-like.

"Not now," says Crabapple. "You've broke him."

"All right," says Willy. "Bet you \$100 you can't stay with him ten minutes."

"Ole Crab swells up some at that, an' goes to it. Willy fuzzles the outlaw's ears, first, me feelin' some mad at him, fer I sure wanted ole Crab to enjoy the run he'd get fer his money.

"Now ole Crab could ride, an' fer nine minutes it was easy.

"Then he made a fatal error.

"I get the \$100,—what?" says he.

"Willy just grinned. The minute old outlaw heard that voice, he cut loose. With ten seconds to go he sure eats up ole Crab. I've seen 'em shook up some, but this scared me. The last pitch, an' Crab hit the ground in a heap—five seconds too soon to win the century.

"Crab was madder'n all get out.

"No man can stay with 'im," he yells. "I'll bet you \$100 a piece."

"You're on," says Willy, that quick.

"Me—I was first. Tell you what, I most prayed. I sure wanted to lose that \$100 right fast. Thought it was my last day this side o'er—heaven."

Jimmy doubled up with mirth.

"Ole outlaw was plum' gentle my twelve minutes. They was seven of us. Twelve minutes a-piece strung it out some. Ole Crab yells fraud, but Willy looks hard an' reaches fer his gun.

"No checks go," says Willy, "Cash down, and we get it in gold."

"Now ole Crab had sold his steers the day before, an' Willy timed it right. So Crab pays over the \$700, and never yells no more.

"An' what do you think Willy done with his? The bloomin' idiot goes down to the river and throws them five twenty-dollar gold pieces in, one at a time, jest like a kid, watchin' 'em skip, me standin' by with my mouth open.

"Oh, thunder!" says Willy, when the last one's gone. "Who wants that kind o' money? Come on, let's go over an' look at Moore's stamp c'lection."

THE WETNESS OF WILLOW.

NUMBER EIGHT.

*play on
my name*

Jimmy O'. had quit the range cold and taken a surprisin' interest in things urban, which was sure some puzzlin'. For a fact, I couldn't stand the strain of it, and so one evening I put the question plainly.

Jimmy O'. looked at me with his whimsical smile.

"Well, I'll tell you. I jest wanted to mill around awhile an' git my bearin's. Sort o' lookin' before you leap, you know. An' besides—besides—"

Mirth shone in the eyes of Jimmy, and Laughter gurgled in his throat. That somewhat under control, he went on:

"An' on the 30th day of May, which same bein' Memorial Day—er—Dec'r'ation Day, gen'rally, fer Jimmy O', you'll know all about it. Till then you don't want to be able to know anythin'—leastways, not too much.

"An' what I'm tellin' you thus far is 'on the square,' an' in confidence," added Jimmy, as he lit a cigarette and bid me *adios*. . . .

The 28th of May, and Jimmy has been here five days. Tomorrow the "friends, Romans, and feller-citizens" of Willow vote wet or dry. I am for dry; and Jimmy O'. has been dry so long he rattles like a locust. But, then, there are others in Willow that hates, scorns, and despises everything dry, from demijohns to real estate; them as cry aloud for the irrigation of man's inner works especial.

Signs posted around the town of Willow blatantly set forth the great prosperity forthcoming if the wets prevail. One-third of the voting population is Mormon, and that people are (glory be!) for a dry town. Of the remaining two-thirds,—moisture has 'em lashed to the mast. But there's the Unknown Quantity,—the woman vote,—Arizona allowin' the petticoats to step up to the ballot-box for the first time since born.

A perfect day ushered in the battle. About dawn wets and drys began to arrive, in wagons and on horseback.

When I went forth at 9 o'clock to exercise the rights of a citizen of these States, I was attracted to a crowd near

the postoffice, listening to a burst of oratory from a voice which, though not wholly natural, seemed familiar as my hat.

"Some lit up, eh? Wonder w're 'e got it?" said a native, as an opening in the crowd, disclosed Eddy Fyne, clinging to a telegraph pole with one arm, and sawing the atmosphere with the other, hiccuping "wet town an' prosperity"—"million dollar hotel"—"shame to rob a man of right to drink," etc.

Right then the marshal came along, and Eddy, who knew him as an old time cow-puncher, shook hands effusively and wandered off, talking to himself and colliding with a number of the most respectable electorate, male and female, who made disrespectful remarks along his wake.

I cast my ballot and came forth. Another crowd. This time it was Jimmy O'. and one of the boys from Three-Bar-X trying to sing a duet, "There'll Be a Hot Time." It was such a bad duet, too. It shocked my system, and I am some hardened.

So the day passed, Eddy and Jimmy and the Three Bar-X boys sure enjoying this last day-of-grace. In my soul I grieved for them—for Jimmy, in particular, who, I thought, had given up the bottle for the stamp album. Jimmy's come-down hurt so much that I was too peeved to return home at once, but grubbed out. However, when I learned Willow was dry by seven votes, it helped a heap; and after the streets had some quieted down from the unusual stress I hiked along the trail leading to the tent-house.

I groped my way to the door. From the room behind came the discordant noise of heavy snores. I confess to being somewhat riled. The boys were welcome—more than welcome—but in my soul I felt the hospitality which I had extended was surely being strained today. I found the door-handle, and hanging to it a bit of paper. A match disclosed a note from Frevor Moore:

"Don't get peevish. Jimmy O'. will explain."

I thought hard for two minutes, then opened the door.

By the light of two candles, stuck ostentatiously in empty grape-juice bottles, I saw Eddy Fyne, Johnny Williams, and the two punchers from Three Bar-X, "clothed and in their right minds," deep in a game of "muggins," with my ancient and favorite set of dominoes, while at the near-by table sat Jimmy O', intently studying out some Sarawak perforations, the zest of the real collector on his face.

The snores came from the cowboy from ranch J-Bar-5, who was carefully laid out on a bench in the center of the room, candles stuck in other empty grape-juice bottles at head and feet.

Jimmy O' looked up.

"Willow has gone dry by seven votes," I said slowly, and, I hope, with sufficient solemnity. The domino-players did not even glance my way.

"Seven? Seven?" repeated Jimmy, wonderingly. "Should have been six, if"—

Then he looked the boys over. His

laugh was full of the joy of victory as his eye lighted on "the corpse."

"Oh, Jiminy!" said Jimmy, when he could speak. "This was vote No. 7,—an' we all thought he was wet he was so plumb lit up. He might a' caravan'd the Sahara fer a hundred years an' never squeaked fer water."

Then the light broke in upon me. It was all for effect,—this horse-play by five reckless cow-punchers, bent on making respectable the town where their friend lived. I was touched, and I wanted to thank them. But, knowing cowboy character, I could do nothing but keep silence.

"We couldn't let you in," Jimmy explained. "You live here. This bunch o' people will cool off an' be glad they're dry—but not now. They'd make you miserable fer a spell, first. Now that it's on them, they'll yell that it's on you."

"Muggins!" jubilantly shouted Eddy Fyne, as the game broke up, "I win the corpse. We sure need another hand up at the ranche, an' maybe I c'n make a stamp c'lector outen him yet!"

JIMMY O'.: HEALTH-RESTORER.

NUMBER NINE.

"You see, Eddy is now a lit'r'y feller. He's bought a book. Him buyin' one sure makes th' presses run overtime t' meet th' future demand."

Jimmy O'. swung slowly in the hammock which welcomed the passing and passive cow-puncher, while Eddy lazed upon the earth at his mentor's feet. Jimmy had won the hammock by "stickin' out ov his tongue," as Eddy lugubriously described the foot-race from the spot where the inseparables had anchored their cayuses. The rush of hurrying feet had brought me to the door of the tent-house. One look was enough. There was never need of haste when Jimmy O'. and Eddy were safely stretched out.

"Now this here book o' Eddy's, it's sure some book."

Jimmy sat up, rolled the inevitable cigarette, and began to kill the rose-bugs on my American Beauties. In fact, anything that came in range of Jimmy's tobacco—"hand-grown by hand," as he phrased it—was doomed to death.

"Some book," repeated Jimmy O'. "Gent o' th' name o'—well nev' mind his name. He want anyways responsible fer the name—on'y fer the book. This here gent, 'e says, says 's Bang! bang! an' two more is rubbed out."

I was interested enough then to peep at the title which Eddy obligingly displayed, while Jimmy vanished in a cloud of home-grown.

Eddy was reading "The Monitor of Health."

I went back into the shack and finished my work.

"As I was sayin' w'en you made fer yer gun," resumed Jimmy O'. upon my re-appearance, "you c'n pick health off'n any bush in Arizona—cept one o' them jumpin' cactus. Reminds me o' th' time that there Easterner paid me four a day fer 'leven days t' go an' hunt w'at 'e called cacti. Cacti! O heck! If I'd used language like that up on th' range, the boys 'ud a roped an' tied me—sure would. I wouldn't git nary one t' speak t' me fer a month—maybe two."

"Alas! That them dear days aint here now!" interpolated Eddy.

"Quotin' that there master mind now reposin' in 'is lef' hand," added Jimmy O'. to the student of "The Monitor of Health."

"Well, this here Boston chap got 'bout sixty-nine kinds o' cactus, more er less, but one he sure lacked. Said the Indians made booze of it afore th' white men come. Now me—I don't care fer that kind. Ever tell ye 'bout the time that ole 'pache give me tiz-vin mixed with water?"

"Fer w'y the water?" queried Eddy.

Jimmy ignored the jibe and ambled on:

"Well, 'e told me hit was plumb good fer my insides. Sure. W'en I come to I was leventeen miles from nowhere—me an' that 'pache, him lookin' sad as a prospector's burro with all the flour recent et up. And say!"

Jimmy O'. doubled up with mirth.

"W'at d'ye know 'bout this? Seems we'd been playin' monte an' I'd won 'is pony an' 'is trappin's—saddle, bridle, an' all; an', by heck! I was likewise th' owner o' his squaw!"

"Reg'lar lady's man—Jimmy," declared Eddy.

"Now me—I couldn't stan' fer that there squaw game. No, sir—not me. But say! *She* didn't seem to care a whop. But me—I sure sweat blood. Then I tole that 'pache, bein' a dear frien' o' his'n, I'd stake 'im fer another go. He won back 'is pony—an' 'is trappin's—but derned ef 'e didn't buckup at th' squaw. *She* was las'—an' me—I sure leaked another bucket o' blood. W'en 'e fin'ly won 'er back—me havin' t' stack th' cyards—I jes' nach'ly climbed aboard my cayuse an' faded—never lef' a shadow."

"Never even tried to make c'llectors of 'em," said Eddy, with a grin.

Jimmy rolled another cigarette, and then resumed.

"Well, this here Boston man brung along w'at 'e called a sleepin' bag. First off, he ondresses, puts on a long nighty"—

"Alas! perturbéd spirit!" wailed Eddy.

"Then he crawls inter that there sleepin' bag. Me—I buttons 'im in, all nice an' tidy, ev'ry night. An' ev'ry mornin' I lets 'im out."

"Some vally, Jimmy O'." declared Eddy.

"Well, this night 'e went inter 'is bag an' I buttons 'im in. I aint much more'n rolled up w'en buzz-zz-zz goes a di'mon'-back. Mr. Boston he heers it too. An' say! That there bag fairly reared up! He beat a sack-race fer pure fun. Me—I rolled an' laffed till I was sore—that there di'mon' back singin' all th' time.

"Lemme out!" yells Boston, muffled-like. "They's a rattlesnake in th' sack! He's bit me laig!"

"He want, though. I seen 'im coiled 'bout four feet from the sack. Well, I ups an' shoots 'is head plum off—the snake's. But Boston, 'e was so all-fired scairt 'e never heard my gun go off.

"Yer discharged!" he yells, voice like a man wit' his head in th' feed-bin. Gee! I was glad! I was plum' sick o' that there button-in game anyways. So I says, good an' loud: 'A'right—goo'bye,' an' made as if I was goin' away. Then

I kep' still an' never budged. Say—the sack was quiet, too—him in it. W'en I onbuttoned 'im 'e'd fainted clean away.

"Well, 'e cum to, o' course—called me 'is preserver—an' said 'e guessed 'e'd got enough cacti an' experience—mostly experience. Me—I sure swelled up some then an' begun t' feel I was mostly human again."

"Mos—but not quite yet, anyways," suggested Eddy.

"Well, w'en 'e got back t' Boston they was a long piece in th' paper 'bout him an' me. It was sure funny. Now say! I b'leeye I'll send 'im a book!"

Eddy promptly closed the "Monitor" and passed it over.

"Oh, heck, no!" said Jimmy waving aside the gift. "'Is health is all right. He said in that there piece that me an' Arizony was the great health-restorers."

Then Jimmy O' and Eddy fled down the path, mounted their horses, and vanished.

THE PASSING OF THE COLLECTION.

NUMBER TEN.

The summons had come. I was on my way into the hills. The trail was long, and my return was at least three days distant. I did not like to leave the tent-house and its household gods alone, but there was no one with whom I felt free to entrust its treasures. The gods are sometimes good,—and this, opportunely, was one of the times.

The notes of "Old Heidelberg" were wafted on the summer breezes. The bass and tenor were known to me. I felt a seemly elation, for the mingled voices meant safety for the tent-house.

Around a bend in the trail came Jimmy O'. and Eddy Fyne, riding slowly and singing somberly. They finished. Then came a cheerful roar of greetings.

"An' t' think o' us wastin' our sweet strains on the desert air was bad enough," began Jimmy O'. " 'thout their bein' desecrated by listenin' ears f'om the environs o' Willow."

"Oh, heck! Jimmy, cut andiron langwige and let's find out sumthin'," said Eddy, disgustedly.

I explained my errand into the hills, passed over the keys of the shack, and went my way.

At the end of three days, upon my return, I found the tent-house spotless. The twins had been thorough. Even my much-loved and carefully treasured books had been dusted individually by hands which I knew must be Jimmy O'.s,—for he loved books and handled them in a manner that betokened reverence.

Half an hour later Jimmy O'. and Eddy came up the path.

"I had a horse once I thought a heap of," began Jimmy, after the first greetings were over and he had settled into a soft spot on the ground. The hammock had been abandoned to me. "That horse sure would turn on a half dollar. One time, I went into this here town o' Willow, an' one o' them Evans school boys f'om back in Boston saw that there horse and 'lowed he'd own 'im. Me—I sure needed about \$60 that day, an' I sol' 'im."

Jimmy lighted his cigarette, and I saw him no more for five minutes. But his voice came out of the cloud.

"Nex' day I felt some lonesome—me with a new horse I paid 'leven dollars for, plannin' to break 'im. He sure kep' me busy fer a while—that new cayuse o' mine. But I fin'ly gits 'im good. Not havin' 'im on my mind is bad fer me. I kep' thinkin' o' that there cayuse I sold t' th' Evans boy."

"Well, I seen th' boy, awhile later. He sure treated that horse o' mine fine, but he wa'nt ridin' th' range, an' I knew poor ol' Pinto was sure lonesome. He hears my voice, an' whinners. Say! I sure thought then I was lots worse'n Judas.

"Well, I hung aroun' that town, off an' on, till school closes. The boy 'lows he'll ride up t' Flag, 'ith me fer guide, an' as reward I gits ol' Pinto back fer keeps."

Here Jimmy became visible again.

I began to get the drift. I had sent my collection of stamps away back East to be sold—joyously, at the first; then later, when I began to miss them, regretfully; now remorsefully. Bitterly I repented. But the ones most loved had passed forever, and the rest had lost their identity so far as the old album was concerned. It was the need of the passing hour which had caused the transfer.

"You, see, if th' boys had a-known," continued Jimmy O'. "I could a-got anythin' f'om them any time. But I wasn't peepin'—not me. So I jest pays the penalty, and suffers along. But I got ole Pinto back."

We went into the house. Eddy was silent. He looked like a hired mourner, and anything I said fell flat. Jimmy O'. was maker of the conversation.

"I'm mighty glad t' see th' lib'ry," resumed Jimmy, from the confines of the easy chair. "Now that there set o' the ol' 'American Journal'—an' them there Trifet's 'Mercury'—an' that Kline's third edition—well, when I see them, I says to Eddy, 'Maybe he had a aberration, like me th' time I sells Pinto.' Eddy he thinks so, too."

Eddy grunted assent.

"But, friend o' oun, w'y didn't yo' say sumthin'? Here we are—Moore an'

Eddy an' me—just plum' loco with money. We'd a staked you."

I explained the passing years,—the fact that I was no longer young,—that my journalistic labors were not so productive as of old,—all the specious pleas I could muster. But they fell flat. The boys thought they had been treated unfairly.

"When you was gone, I made another c'llerter," began Jimmy. "He was that sick he'd 'bout given up ever'thing but the ghost—which wouldn't walk. Said he'd sell out an' quit. Me—I staked 'im. 'E's gone up on th' range now."

"Arizonys' plum' full of 'em, now—c'llerters," interpolated Eddy, breaking the silence for the first time.

"This here chap got off'n the train, feelin' blue as a whetstone. I see he was one o' them down-an'-outers, an' I jest nacherly warmed up ter 'im," resumed Jimmy.

"Son," I says, "the world's all right, but, for the love o' Mike! ain't some o' the folks in it plum' ornery?"

"He kind o' grinned, then he ups an' tells me all about it—after I'd towed 'im up here t' th' hummock. Same ol' story. Lungs no good—had t' throw up 'is job—newspaper man, too—name o' Milton Ray. Said he'd known you an' Maxy Solyman, back East, on a paper you-all worked on. Maxy he c'lected, too, 'e says."

I knew the boy as a success and as a very hard worker,—knew, too, the old agonies of mind and body which the poisoned air of that death-trap building had brought to many of us. Five of my co-workers were dead and of the old

guard none now remained with the paper. The sorrow of it!.....

"Well, he's ridin' range, now, an' eatin' three, and prayin' fer a sight o' the 'ole familiar faces.' You'll see 'im w'en you-all gits up t' Three-Bar-X agin."

Eddy showed signs of animation. He poked around his roll of bedding for a moment, then pulled out a long black covered little book, in which I knew he carried a few of his choicest treasures mainly "on entire." He passed it over without further words.

I opened it. There were a five cents New York postmaster's stamp, on original,—fine margins; a five cents Confederate, of a beautiful shade of olive. It was slightly damaged in one corner; but it was a rarity. It too was on original. And, wonder of wonders and beyond compare! My eyes opened wide—for there was the only ninety cents 1869 I had ever heard of on entire,—a bright, beautiful copy, very light cancellation. It was on one of those long yellow envelopes, which lawyers use for mailing documents, and the seal and tape had been preserved intact.

Jimmy did not look at me,—nor Eddy.

"Where—where did it come from, Eddy?" I asked, at last,—for the postmark was my native city, and the handwriting and address were most familiar.

"He sent it—that chap Jimmy O'. an' Johnny Williams staked 'long time ago,—that homesick chap f'om Lodi. Said he'd sent this fer mem'ry's sake," said Eddy. "An' so, friend o' oun, we start ye all over agin,—you c'n c'lect entires!"

And, turning deaf ears to my exclamations, Jimmy O'. and Eddy Fyne joyously arose and started back to the range.

THE MOTORCYCLE AND THE COWBOY.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

The Heavenly Twins rode into the frontier town of Willow amid a cloud of dust for which they were in no wise responsible. It was one of those hot days of August when the mercury, lingering all too long around the 110° mark, was about to be cajoled into a lower range by the aftermath of the rainless wind storm. This sand-storm always was followed by a cool wind which, as an old timer announced, "kem 'cross the mouth o' th' pit, but somehow hit a corner o' heaven before arrivin' on this yere earth." This, while perhaps not strictly orthodox, was very satisfying to the denizens of Willow.

All morning I had been sitting in front of the tent-house, trying to interest myself in the news of the philatelic world. The Twins saved the rest of the day. Jimmy O' and Eddy Fyne had been christened the Heavenly Twins by a jeering cowboy who had found a prehistoric novel up in the bunkhouse. He said Jimmy and Eddy deserved the name, ever since they raised the other thing in the bar of the Frontier House the night before the town went dry.

Be it known, then: sixty-eight dollars' worth of glassware was demolished in as many seconds by the twins, for the reason, solitary and sole, that they had just sixty-eight dollars between them, which they had brought into town to spend in true cowboy style.

"Real money, too," declared Eddy, joyfully, as he paid it over.

I have seen some handy work with a gun, but Eddy, according to an eyewitness, had all records—and glassware—broken hopelessly. He shot with either hand, and with both hands; and then, with back toward the target and face toward the mirror. But, miracle of miracles, blindfolded, he did some fancy shooting that made one feel crawly. Among other stunts, Jimmy stood against a partition door, while Eddy made a silhouette of bullet-holes around his body. I have the souvenir at the shack, where interested tenderfeet gaze and gaze. Someone told the first-comer Eddy did it standing on his head—which fiction Eddy ignored.

"Me—I c'n shoot a hole in a barn door—if some one moves the door," declared Jimmy, as he rolled the inevitable cigarette and proceeded to re poison the whole of out-of-doors. "But Eddy—why, Eddy couldn't miss a mark if he was chokin' t' death."

Eddy grunted unhappily. He never approved the praise from the other Twin.

"You ought to see Jimmy rope!" broke in Eddy. Whereupon Jimmy immediately fell silent.

Jimmy picked up a philatelic paper.

"My fav'rite readin'—the WEEKLY," declared Jimmy, as he buried his nose in the pages of the latest issue.

I went into the tenthouse. A few minutes later, when I returned, the Twins were gone.

Shortly after their disappearance, the chug-chug of a passing motorcycle was accentuated by the poison of its gases which drifted with the breeze. The ensuing silence was broken by its return, and the calm of Willow mid-afternoon became a confused clamor of the jeers of the rider and the curses of cowboys intermingled with the pounding of hoofs and the snorts of frightened horses. I ran down the path. The motorcyclist was circling the Twins, whose horses were giving a fine exhibition of rearing, side-jumping, and bucking that would have been the joy of an Eastern boy's heart.

The town marshal sidled up to me.

"Fun fer th' boys," he said, with a grin.

"Fun, nothing!" I replied, rather forcefully. "That fool will have them both killed yet."

The marshal guffawed, responding that I probably did not know the Twins. On which I pondered and awaited events.

Then a great light broke upon me. The cyclist had tried this stunt before—but not with the Twins. They had heard of it, undoubtedly, and the trip into Willow followed.

Things began to happen immediately. the Twins were holding their horses down, and getting ready their riatas.

The cyclist sensed trouble, and swung into a straight run for safety. It was too late. Jimmy's arm swung. The rope soared, settled, and the cyclist flew up Main street at the end of forty feet of riata and a loping horse, two blocks and return. Part of the time, of course, he did not fly. Times he looked like an aeroplane; times he looked some like a gopher and all the time he sure was gettin' some messin' up.

Not to be outdone, Eddy roped the motorcycle. The engine was still running on slow. Eddy started down the street as Jimmy went up, forty feet of rope towing two hundred pounds of irate motorcycle.

The marshal and I leaned against each other and laughed ourselves sore, for the motorcycle, jerked upright, immediately began a pursuit of Eddy which several times threatened to be successful. And Eddy's horse! It sure missed every other high place. Eddy made a circle of the block, the motor dragging or pursuing, until a convenient telephone pole enabled the champion to encircle it, dismount, and tie.

Eddy looked reproachfully at the machine, now quiescent. Then he laughed and laughed some more.

"Oh Lordy! Plum' scared me nigh to death—an' ole pinto—he sure thought he war a goner!"

Jimmy, meantime, had paused long enough to enable his captive to shed the rope. The cyclist was a sight. His clothes were in rags, his face and hands bruised and bloody, but in his eyes the unquenched fires. He stood his machine against the telephone pole. Then, at my invitation, he came up the path to the tent-house to wash up, the Twins following at a discreet distance.

The Twins watched him get presentable. The bruises were only minor, but the clothes were a ruin.

The cyclist turned an observing eye upon the Twins. Then a slow grin broke over his face as he put out his hand.

"Say! honest! I *am* all kinds of a fool, aren't I? This time I got some sense dragged into me. Much obliged—I sure am!"

The Twins grinned and shook hands.

The cyclist stooped to pick up a little flat case which had fallen from the pocket of his ruined shirt. It opened. Three stamps fell out. He carefully gathered them out of the dust, and looked at them apprehensively. Jimmy's jaw fell. Eddy's did likewise. Their four eyes bulged.

"Gee! He's a collector!" began Jimmy.

"Fi' cents black—New York per-visionals o' 45!" declared Eddy.

The cyclist opened his eyes several degrees. "Why—why—" he began.

"Yep," broke in Jimmy. "Both on us."

Then we sat down for a pow-wow. He was a middle-western boy out for his health in this land of sunshine. Yes, he had his collection with him. Yes, he'd bring it over. In fact, he'd go get it now out of his trunk at the Frontier House.

He looked expectantly at the two cow-punchers. They rose promptly. Just as the trio started down the path, Jimmy turned to me and said in his old whimsical way:

"Henceforth we'll be no more known as the Heavenly Twins, but the Three Musketeers."

I walked to the street in their wake. The three linked arms, the cyclist in the middle. They turned the corner and were lost to view. But of their further progress I was assured. Eddy's voice came back.

"An' that there other N' York—was it th' one wit' double line at bottom? I didn't quite see."

HIS TATTERED DARLINGS.

NUMBER TWELVE.

"Come on, Eddy! I've foun' another!"

The irrepressible Jimmy O'. dashed up the path to the tent-house, to arouse the slumbering Eddy Fyne, who had taken to the hammock after an all-night ride in the heat of an Arizona August. Eddy refused to awake. Jimmy glared at the recumbent form, and then turned to me with his usual grin:

"Eddy jest nacherly don't care a whop about c'lecters. He sure is some Rip Van Winkle, is Eddy."

Jimmy thereupon dragged "the makin's" from his overalls, and when fairly aflame, stretched out near the *olla*.

"You see, I was down t' th' train this mornin' early, w'en who should pile off but a thin party with spectacles an' one o' them things Columbus carried w'en 'e discovered Arizony—telescope, ye call it—one o' th' kind ye keep clo'ees in."

Jimmy laughed.

"Yes, sir; 'e stepped off an' onto a piece o' banana peel. Me—being Prov'dence in disguise—I grabs 'im as 'e slithers tow'ds th' wheels, which still goes roun' some slow. And I discovers 'im at th' right time. Sure."

Jimmy waved his free hand, and chancing to find a nice Arizona agate which I had carefully laid aside for a friend "back East," heaved it at Eddy. The resounding boom! as it carromed off Eddy's fourth rib was music in Jimmy's ears.

"As I was sayin', when Eddy here interrupted me," resumed Jimmy O', "this gent wit' the spectacles declares he's under obligations. I mills around wit' him fer a few hours, or less, an' then he says, lookin' all aroun', 'where's the postoffice?' We goes over. He asks fer 'is mail, and gets it. He sure had a nice bunch, too. And say! W'at d'ye think? Some of it was f'om Boston—'where I was broke in the Fall of '99'—also one other time I'll tell you about some day. Well, he hikes over t' th' hotel, me towin' along. Then he sets down, 'scuses hisself, and opens 'is mail.

"Right then I seen he was there with th' grip. 'E'd sure 'traveled in th' East,' an' he knew f'om w'ence 'e came.

"'Jiminy!' says I; 'If you ain't a brother o' ourn, I'm sure 'way off th' trail.'

"Well, we sits there an' powwows, an' I up an' tells 'im I had a couple frien's in town who'd like t' know 'im. I'm t' look 'im up, wit' this here beauteous sleepin' princess, an' bring 'im over here 'safternoon. Come on, clam!"

Jimmy turned and fled, Eddy pursuing in righteous wrath.

An hour later they returned, accompanied by Jimmy's new-made friend, Mr. Norden.

"Yes," he began, after the usual introductions, "I am not here for my health, even in a slang sense. I came West to plan for my son's schooling this winter. He is not very strong, and I want him to spend at least a year in the open. I stopped off at Mariposa a night ago, and my suit-case was stolen. Luckily, the thief didn't get my collection of stamps. I had left that on the table, where I had been looking it over. The only thing I could get there to replace my suit-case was that prehistoric thing, a telescope."

"Columbus discoverin' th' c'lecters o' Willow," said Jimmy O'.

"My friend here"—the stranger turned toward Jimmy O'—"tells me you are interested in stamps."

Then he brought forth an ancient album—an old Oppen's, vintage of '66. He looked long and lovingly upon it.

"This was my brother's album. We were boyish comrades, back in Boston, and we collected together. Of course, our methods were very amateurish. It was the day when part of a stamp was better than no stamp at all, and if we could swap with a schoolmate we were delighted to add a stamp to our collection, regardless of condition.

"I remember long after the Civil War, we picked up some Confederate States provisionals which were in immaculate condition. I have them yet. And we also acquired some others that had been carried in soldiers' pockets until they were worn round. However, all was grist that came to our mill."

Mr. Norden passed the old album over to me. I opened it and began turning the leaves. There were some fine things—rare bits—some almost priceless, if they had been perfect. Among the Hawaiian stamps were two Missionaries, both damaged, one hopelessly so. I noted among the German States a Saxony No. 1, part o. g., but with a corner gone. The British Guiana No. 4, was badly cut into, destroying part of the design. And so with many others.

"They are my tattered darlings," said Mr. Norden, "though most of them are quite worthless in a monetary sense, in a far more precious sense they are dear to me. They mean love, honor, self-sacrifice—all that is noblest in man; so that to me they shine, tattered as they are, faded as they are, far beyond rubies or pearls."

Mr. Norden turned the leaves. He stopped at the Confederate States. Then he closed the book, and began, reminiscently:

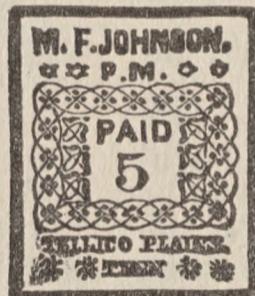
"You saw the local, Tellico Plains, Tennessee? It has its little story of life and death. My father was a soldier in the Civil War. He was wounded at the battle of Petersburg, and lying out on the field, the terrible thirst which comes to the injured befall him. He lay silent for a time. Then, he told me, he groaned. A Confederate soldier, him-

self only a boy, who lay near, spoke and offered drink from his canteen. My father tried to crawl over to his one-time enemy, but his strength was unequal to the task. The Confederate, who was badly wounded, managed to drag himself to my father. The drink revived him. The Confederate refused to drink,—said he was too hard hit, and insisted upon my father keeping the canteen. They talked—these one-time enemies. The Confederate had a sister living at Tellico Plains. He gave my father her picture—a daguerrotype—a letter from her in its envelope, and a few trinkets. Then, exhausted, he lay back for a while. My father groaned again, and the lad tried to lift his head to give him water, but the exertion opened his wound, and he fell across my father's body.

"When the ambulance corps came to gather the wounded they found my father unconscious, beneath the body of the dead Confederate.

"My father lay in hospital for five months. When he was able to travel, he was sent home. On his full recovery, he returned to Tennessee. He took the letter and the trinkets and the picture to the Confederate soldier's sister. A year later they were married."

Again Mr. Norden turned the pages of the album. His eyes were wet when he came to the page of Confederate locals. Ours, too, were more than dim.



THE COWBOYS AND THE MOVIES.

NUMBER THIRTEEN.

The Heavenly Twins rushed tumultuously up the path which led to my tent-house, and beat upon the door in a most reprehensible manner. The summons brought me forward on the jump.

"Seen Trevor?" breathlessly inquired Jimmy O'.

To my negative, and further anxious inquiries, Jimmy O' and Eddy Fyne both grinned sheepishly, and then sprawled upon the ground while they clung to each other and laughed.

"What's the matter with you two coyotes anyway?" I asked. But my perplexity only redoubled their unseemly mirth. However, it was only a short time, and Trevor Moore, swinging from his horse, idled up the path. Jimmy O' and Eddy at once fell silent. Moore looked them over coldly.

"Ha! The age of chivalry!" he said. "And so you two deserted the range an hour ahead of me in order to tell my friend and yours how it all happened. Go ahead, you!"

Moore sat beside me on the door-sill. Jimmy O' rolled a cigarette and disappeared in the cloud.

"You see, it was this way," began Eddy.

"Oh, heck! Eddy, let Trevor tell it," said Jimmy O'. "He c'n let us break through an' explain now an' then as he goes along."

"Very thoughtful and considerate, Jimmy O'." said Moore, with fine sarcasm. Then he began:

"Two weeks ago that movie outfit from Chicago asked permission to stage some ranch-life scenes up on Three-Bar-X. Course, I granted it; but they were cautioned not to worry the cattle."

"Meanin' both kinds," interpolated Eddy, with a grin.

Jimmy chuckled.

"Well, they set up their apparatus, made some films of a routine sort, around the ranche-house, and then asked as the final favor permission to stage a typical old-time cowboy-Indian-torture scene. For this scenic performance they chose a wide, sweeping mesa, with hills surrounding it on three sides.

Then they hired twenty or thirty Mo-javes from McDowell Reservation, fitted them out in trappings, paint and feathers, and set up the machinery behind a rough pile of overhanging rocks, looking squarely across the scene of trouble."

"Plum' hostile, that bunch," mourned Eddy, lugubriously.

"I was far out on the range when these preparations were under way," resumed Moore. "Eddy and Jimmy O' hadn't been in for a couple of weeks. I thought I would look them up on my way back and tell them what was doing. Well, I didn't meet up with them, and so rode on down the divide, making for the site of the picture camp. As I drew near, I heard war-whoops and shoutings and when I reached the crest of the hill, I reined in and looked down. There was as rare a picture as one could imagine. A bunch of painted and be-feathered Indians were dancing around, brandishing weapons and about to put a captive cowboy to the fire torture. If I hadn't known the truth I would have believed it real—the more so because some cheerful idiot of a tenderfoot had but recently been chased by Apaches near this same spot.

"Well, I sat and watched things progress for two or three minutes. Then suddenly, a hundred feet or so from me I heard some of the worst cursing any wild and careless cowboy was ever treated to."

"Me—I done it," said Jimmy O' with a sigh.

"Me—I helped," declared Eddy, sharing in the ignominy.

"Then, over the top of that hill swept my two cowpunchers. I yelled at them. But the rush and slide of rock drowned my voice. It was one of the roughest parts of the divide—nearly ninety degrees slope—but down it pell-mell they went, horses slipping and sliding, guns out for action, and Jimmy O' swinging his riata. The whooping Indians looked up, saw, and scattered like rabbits. The intended victim rose to his feet, looked, and he, too, made a run for it. Eddy didn't shoot—Heaven be praised! Jimmy O', riding straight at the running movie-

cowboy, with a mighty swing lifted him in front on the saddle, and swept on, men and horses disappearing over the next crest.

"When I reached the movie outfit the manager was bewailing the loss of his leading man. But the elation of the operator was beyond description.

"Best picture I ever saw—great—great!" he declared. "Wonderful rescue! Wonderful! Great hit! Crowded houses! Oh, my countrymen, what a picture!"

"Ten minutes later, over the top of the hills came Jimmy O. and Eddy, leading their horses. Accompanying them was the movie's leading man, volubly explaining."

Moore looked at Eddy, who promptly rolled over on his back.

"Kiss me, Hardy!" quoted Jimmy O., from behind his cigarette.

Right then the notes of the old song, "Listen to the Mocking Bird," were borne in upon the soft wind.

Jimmy O. and Eddy rose, alert. As the whistler came nearer, the two incontinently fled.

Up the path came a man I had seen with Moore several weeks before—the hero of the movies.

"I was just telling my friend here of the rescue at Three-Bar-X," said Moore.

The movie man laid his hat upon the ground as he stretched out in the hammock. His face had lost its youthfulness, and I saw he was long past the years of boyhood.

"Yes," he said, "Yes. It was wonderful! We had everything staged for a rescue at the last. But when I looked

up and saw those two real cow-punchers coming I felt the heroism of it. Jimmy O. jerked me from my feet and swung me upon his horse, knocking the wind out of me. Once over the crest of the hill the boys slowed down a little, and then I explained. The humor of it caught them. But I know and feel and shall always know and feel, the compelling heroism of it. They had deliberately courted death—so they thought—to save me. And, for their sakes, I am sorry it wasn't a real rescue."

"Do not let that worry," said Moore. "They'll survive *that* shock."

There was more talk, mostly desultory, and then our visitor left us alone. Moore pulled at his pipe. Then, looking at me quizzically he laughed.

"It really appears that every one is in wrong today. I made Jimmy O. and Eddy think I took their rescue seriously"—

"And I, Moore—even I!" Then I joined in the laugh.

"But those two limbs!"—Moore broke off abruptly. There was a noise of delaying feet.

"See the conquering heroes come!" drawled Moore.

Jimmy O. and Eddy stepped forth, hand in hand, bowed ceremoniously, and then groaned in unison.

"He used t' be a c'llecter," declared Jimmy.

"Confed'rates," added Eddy.

"An' he wants t' hire us fer th' movies!" wailed Jimmy.

"Virtoo has its pangs," groaned Eddy.

"Yes," added Moore, sententiously, "likewise its vice."

It was at this point the light broke in upon the Twins.

JIMMY O': APOSTLE OF PEACE.

NUMBER FOURTEEN.

The postoffice had yielded a bunch of stamp literature that would have gladdened the soul of any one less enthusiastic philatelically than Jimmy O'. and Eddy Fyne. I had revelled in the reading, and had carefully filed away the papers I wished to preserve—few indeed, considering. The others I tossed into the hammock, as I heard the beating of hoofs up the road. It was the day after Jimmy O'. and Eddy were due at the border town of Willow. Perhaps they were more welcome, because of the anticipation. At any rate, here they were.

Jimmy waved his hand deprecatingly toward the hammock, which Eddy proceeded to occupy, without a word.

Jimmy looked at Eddy sadly.

"I shore have spilled the beans, Eddy," he said, sadly. "I shore have. An' we needs them beans a lot."

Jimmy sat down upon the ground at Eddy's feet and rolled a cigarette. Eddy did not speak.

"It was this way," began Jimmy O'. "They was a meetin' las' night at the op'ry house fer the promotion o' peace between the warrin' nations o' Europe. By heck! The warrin' nations sounded good to me."

"Me, too," declared Eddy. "Not countin' them at home."

"Meanin' sheep an' cowmen," interpolated Jimmy.

"Well," Jimmy continued, "that there warrin' nations sounded real hostile like to me, bein' I was for peace. We went."

Jimmy sighed heavily.

"That was when we spilled 'em," said Eddy, lugubriously.

"Yep, we went. A bunch o' them prom'nt citizens was on the platform. They was lookin' as hopeful 'sif it was their war."

"It war," said Eddy, with a sheepish grin.

"They was three Englishers, four Germans, one Belgium, an' a Jap there

that I counted. Then I knew whiles the war in Europe was progressin' favorably, the war in Willow was about to begin. Talk about peace!"

Jimmy O'. doubled up with mirth.

"One o' the parsons opened the meetin' with prayer. It was fer peace. One o' the Germans says 'Amen,' an' right there I felt I sure was goin' t' need my gun, w'ich the bishop annexed wen I lef' my cayuse at the stable.

"Well, as I was sayin', the prayer and the amen started things.

"Fellow I knew on the range spoke first, pleadin' fer peace. Then two other men *they* pleaded fer peace."

"Willin' t' fight fer it, too," said Eddy, sadly.

"About that time one o' the Germans, not speakin' good English, got up t' speak. Now this chap I know. He's white. He sure bruk down an' cried w'en the war began. He los' a brother an' two nephews over there. No need fer him t' ask for war.

"Then one o' these yer funny fellers he ups an' says, 'I'm neutral. I don' care a whop who kills th' kaiser.'

"The ol' German, he sits down, lookin' hurt an' insulted. Me—I spots Mr. Man an' I 'lows after that there peace meetin' war is sure t' start.

"It was pretty bad—that meetin'. That there fellow w'at yelped spoiled it. But I do' know—I do' know. You can't most always sometimes tell.

"Well, after th' meetin', I natcherly lays fer Mr. Man."

"Nobody prayed fer peace, then," chortled Eddy. "He was past prayin' for in about a minute—that fellow. But say! He won't break up any more meetin's fer a while—not him."

"I'm plum ashamed o' myself—me spillin' the beans thataway," declared Jimmy.

"Maybe you didn't sow the seeds which fell among stony places," I suggested, humorously. Jimmy would not rise to it, but picked up a philatelic paper and was soon absorbed. Eddy found

another. Neither looked as if he had a friend in the world.

A few minutes later I heard voices. Up the path came a local preacher whom I had met, an elderly German whom I knew and loved, and a sadly disfigured cowboy, one eye in mourning and a cut lip which interfered somewhat with his speech.

When the three discovered the inimitable Jimmy, looking as sad as a mourner, and Eddy with a face as long as his riata, they smiled.

"I wish to apologize," said the minister, smiling still.

"Me, too," broke in Jimmy.

"Secon' the motion," added Eddy, with a blush.

Then the party started in to explain. Jimmy O', having beaten into his fellow cowpuncher the futility of warring at a peace meeting, the aforementioned c. p. had gone to the old German to apologize. There he had met the minister, who, likewise, felt the need of apology. Then the three had concluded to look up the inseparables, and apologize to them for the necessity of carrying the war out of Europe and into Willow.

When Jimmy rose from the hammock the papers fell upon the ground. The minister picked one up, with a glance at the headline.

"Why, are you interested in stamps? I collected when I was a boy, and I really believe I have the album home now, in my trunk."

"Me—I lef' mine up on th' range. But I sure am int'rested," declared Jimmy.

"I haf some letters from my odder nephews. I gif you de stamps," said the old German, kindly. "They haf dose funny marks. One of de poys is Russian prisoner. De odder, French prisoner. I gif you all de envelope mit dose funny marks."

Meantime the disfigured cowpuncher sat upon the ground, looking at the cuts of new issues.

"Gee! Is them the things? Gee! I'll jest start in an' collec' 'em myself!"

"An' we thought we'd spilled the beans!" declared Jimmy, whimsically, to the somewhat mystified visitors, as they started down the path to garner the envelopes with the "funny marks."

PHILATELY OFF THE RANGE.

NUMBER FIFTEEN.

"How many does it take to make a quorum?"

Jimmy O'. looked over the top of the WEEKLY at his *fidus achates*, who sat upon the ground, hugging his knees and scowling fiercely apropos of nothing.

"A quorum, Eddy, consists principally of one man an' a gun," declared Jimmy O'. as he resumed reading.

Eddy grinned appreciatively, arose, and, entering the house, resumed with me the subject nearest his heart.

"Frien' o' ourn, w'at we need here in Arizony is more lungs an' fewer c'lecters. W'y, in this here town o' Willow, an' up there on th' range, I count 'leven faithful men an' true who've got c'lections, an' some of 'em mighty fine ones at that—a whole lot better'n some o' their lungs. Now what we need in Arizony is—"

"More sheep an' less goats," broke in Jimmy O'. from his vantage point in the doorway.

Eddy reared up. Mention of sheep always made him peevish. Then, after he'd spluttered a moment, much to Jimmy's joy, he resumed:

"W'at we need right in this here town o' Willow is a philatelic society. An' we c'n read papers, an' exchange views an' have a forg'ry c'lection, an' trade stamps, an'—an'—"

"Have two-minute rounds wit' the gloves." Jimmy ended the sentence and Eddy subsided.

"It would be a good stunt—first-rate", I declared.

"Stamps er rounds?" questioned Jimmy, with his grin, as the boys started for the range.

* * *

About two o'clock of a cool afternoon, a fortnight after the foregoing conversation, the Philatelic Society of Arizona was born. Trevor Moore was chosen president, Jimmy O'. vice-president, and Eddy treasurer. The secretarial honors fell to me.

"You're on the ground, an' c'n answer letters any time," declared Jimmy.

"An', by heck! You gotta be librarian, too—fer if they're any books comin' t' Arizony you oughta have 'em," declared the new treasurer.

"It hardly seems fair to the boys to meet and elect ourselves to office without giving them a chance to vote," suggested Moore, after we had dispensed the business.

"Oh, they'll agree, all right," said Jimmy O'. "You jest bet they'll agree."

"Sure," affirmed Eddy, "sure. Else we wouldn't a-done it. No, sir. But if any of 'em would want a office, we'll give 'em one—gee! we'll cre-ate th' office now—an' it'll be—it'll be—Jimmy O'. you tell."

"Authenticator of postmarks," declared Jimmy O'. without batting an eyelash.

Eddy gasped. Then he solemnly arose, shook Jimmy's hand, walked quickly out of the door, down the path, and vanished.

We three fell to reading.

Half an hour later, Eddy appeared. With him was a small and slender man, forty or thereabouts. He wore a huge pair of iron-bowed spectacles, anchored behind his ears, through the binnacles of which a pair of hazel eyes looked joyously out upon a troubled world. The man's hair was almost white at the temples. His face showed traces of sorrow and suffering, commingled with a sweetness about the mouth in spite of its strength and firmness. He was dressed in the typical cowboy style,—hickory shirt, blue overalls, high heel riding boots, and the wide-brim light Stetson, so common in the southwest. His cartridge-belt hung loose about his waist. It held two Luegers, the scabbards tied down.

Before Eddy introduced him, I knew at once it was Willy Grow, cow-puncher, riata-thrower, and the quickest and most accurate shot in the entire outfit of Arizona Rangers,—now, alas! legislated out of office.

Moore's greeting was most friendly, and Jimmy's tumultuously joyful.

"He's th—he's th—anyways, he gits that there office Jimmy O'. cre-a-ted a-whiles back," said Eddy. "He's accepted —has Willy."

The hazel eyes and the entire face beamed with a smile which won me.

"You see, Eddy met me on Main street—I haven't seen him for several years—

and, having learned from Jimmy O'. that I was interested in stamps, he insisted on my presence and acceptance of office," said Willy.

Jimmy O'. explained the jest.

"Well, not so bad, after all," said Willy. "Every philatelic society should create that particular office in these days of fraudulent cancellations,—which reminds me that I ran across the queerest outfit down in Nogales you ever saw."

Willy paused to roll a cigarette.

"Let's have the story, Willy," said Moore. "I know it's worth while."

"I hadn't been working much for about a month—just drifting along the border, looking for strays. Mexican bandits and guerillas had been running off stock from American ranches, and a reward of worth-while proportions had been offered for a certain bunch of rustlers, dead or alive."

"Me—I prefer 'em dead—that kind," chipped in Eddy.

"You're right, Eddy. They're safer to handle," declared Willy, resuming his narrative.

"I had been in Nogales only about 24 hours, but every Mexican there knew why I was there and what I wanted. 'Gringo—gringo' was whispered whenever I passed a group. Their looks did not reassure me of any mercy if I fell among them of a dark night, remote and alone.

"I was passing a little cag-mag of a hole—Mexican restaurant and hotel—when I heard a voice say in English:

"'Wee-lee! One mo-ment!'

"Out of the door came an old Mexican I had known further north on the range. He was a fine old chap, and we had struck up quite a friendship. I went into the place with him, and he introduced me to a number of his friends.

"It seems it was a sort of revolutionary headquarters, and the makers of the Mexico of tomorrow congregated there to plot and plan.

"I was very frank to tell my friend the reason for being there. He looked very grave for a moment, then his kindly old face wrinkled into smiles. He called over one of his friends, and to him was explained my presence in Nogales.

"'My friend, the reward is not for you,' said the old man, 'but for us. There shall be no more.'

"Then he talked of other things, finally leading up to stamps—for the old chap was interested, even as I.

"He called over another of his friends, and we talked for a couple of hours longer. It seems the younger man had been an official high in the postoffice department under the Diaz regime. What he did not know about Mexican stamps and cancellations was infinitesimal. He left for a few minutes, and when he returned he brought a bundle of all sorts and conditions of envelopes, with revolutionary stamps galore. Then we spent the rest of the night looking them over, he pointing out to me the minutest errors, many unknown to philatelic students here—showed me faked cancellations and genuine that could not be told apart except by an expert. Both were from the same hand-stamp, only an infinitesimal mark had been made on its face when the cancelling stamp was discarded!

"Well, I absorbed information. I found there were runaway postmasters along the border who were cancelling stamps by wholesale—stamps they had stolen when they fled. He knew them one and all.

"I never left until after breakfast. Then my two friends escorted me back to my hotel.

"'El Americano,' said the same Mexicans who whispered 'gringo' when I passed before. They seemed to think now I was either furnishing arms or financing the revolution.

"As I was getting on the train to go North, next day, a man unknown to me—a Mexican—pushed a package into my hands, and promptly disappeared into the crowd.

"When I opened it, I found as fine a lot of Mexican revolutionary stamps, on and off covers,—singles—pairs—blocks—and even a few sheets—as ever came out of that troubled republic.

"There was a note, too, from my old friend, in explanation. The raids were not authentic, nor the reward. It was all done as a blind to cover the running of arms and ammunition across the border.

"The reward to me was that outfit of stamps. And now, Jimmy O'. you see I can be of assistance to you and the Philatelic Society of Arizona, in solving the authenticity of cancellations of Mexican stamps, if of no others."

Then the members of the society proceeded to feast their individual eyes upon as wonderful a lot of Mexican revolutionary stamps as ever pleased those of our estimable Columbus expert, to whom be all honors.

JIMMY O'. WORKS A REFORM.

NUMBER SIXTEEN.

"When I see w'at this here Arizony air does fer lungs, it sure rejices me."

Jimmy O'. swung lazily to and fro in a new hammock which he had evolved from the staves of two old barrels and a cast-off riata. The outfit hung from a catalpa tree and a eucalyptus, where the shadow of the pepper trees occasionally fell. Having constructed his hammock, Jimmy O'. felt it incumbent upon him to occupy it at all times of day, regardless of the position of the sun. Sometimes he baked, sometimes he boiled; all times he felt a seraphic peace resultant upon achievement.

"One time they comes here, one time they goes. Lots uv 'em stays under groun', more uv 'em stays above an' makes good citizens. W'y, out at Pozo del Desierto you c'd take care o' a big bunch. I got it, by heck! Let's start a sanatorium fer c'lecters!"

Jimmy O'. began to roll a cigarette while I cogitated. Pozo del Desierto—or, Englished, Well of the Desert, is eight miles due east of Willow, on the old Apache trail, the highway to the Roosevelt dam. It is the last desert ranche, for the government land borders it on the east. There is a deep well of purest water—a gasoline engine—a pump—a barn—a house of three rooms, and one hundred and sixty acres of uncultivated desert. But tenant none. I had bought the place a year before, but my tenant had so effectively disagreed with a man that the free air would know him no more for a long term of years. Since that time I had stayed with my dreams which, so far, had failed to come true.

"Well, you c'n think it over," said Jimmy, from his obscurity, "an' maybe we c'n git a colony o' c'lecters out here t' breathe our good air an' drink our pure water an'—"

"Swap stamps. Yes, sir," broke in Eddy, from his refuge on the ground. "That's what'll cheer 'em up. An' you, frien' o' ourn, c'n start a paper, an' we c'n learn 'em all to set type an' kick th' press, an' the desert'll bloom like—like—"

"A bee sting." Jimmy O' finished the sentence. Then he continued:

"Speakin' o' c'lecters, I nev' tolle yuh 'bout that preacher I met up with onct? No? Well, it sure was some humersome. Yuh see, they was a conf'rence in Willow, one time back, an' some tenderfeet was there. Me—I drifts in t' hear 'em preach. Some uv 'em was middlin'—some of 'em was pretty poor—one was fine. Methodis', I fergot t' say. Well, I kind-a cottons t' th' good un, an' mills aroun' a little hearin' 'm w'enever I gits a chanst. He was a kind-a ole chap, an' he had a son there, too—Harold—an' 'is son's wife war with 'em. Well, me an' th' ole gent meets up, fin'ly, an' he tells me all about it. Son gits th' bugs, back East. Dad packs up an' comes West t' save 'im. By heck! I met son, an' I thinks he sure aint wuth ary sacerfice—not him. Wife's a dandy woman. C'lects. Me an' her takes t' one 'nother but son takes to me like I was pizen.

"Well, dad buys a dinky rancho for son, who 'preciates it 'bout as much as a diamon'-back can, an' perceeds to stay wit' 'em an' stake 'em. I see 'em some frequent, me passin' th' rancho on my way in an' out o' town.

"Well, one day they-all thought a picnic would be fine over t' th' foothills o' Superstition, an' th' ole gent invites me to 'light, as I were passin'. Now the ole gent was some c'lecter, onct, w'en 'e was a kid—had a pretty nice bunch o' U. S. that he'd drag out an' show me; now an' then, invitin' me in w'en 'e see me ridin' by. I hated t' stop, son bein' so derned peevish, but I jest had t' do that same. Son's wife was mighty kind t' me that picnic day, me bein' a jest, but son he strolls off fer a lonesome. After awhiles I climbs on ole pinto an' hits out for th' range. 'Bout half a mile out I meets up wit' son. He flags me.

"'A word with you, Mr. O'Callaghan,' says 'e.

"An' then he perceeds t' flay me fer w'at 'e calls my 'tentions t' 'is wife. Well I lets it all soak in, an' then, sir—then, bein' some het up, I talks t' Harold f'om

th' shoulder—tole 'im w'at 'is daddy and 'is wife wer doin' fer 'im—ev'rybody willin' t' help fer their sakes—an' called 'im ungrateful and some more things not wuth mentionin'.

"Well, he kep' lookin' queerer an' queerer, me gittin' madder an' madder.

"You wouldn't dare t' talk that-a-way t' me if you weren't armed," says 'e, some highfalutin'.

"Well, I was that mad I hopped off'n ole pinto, onbuckled my belt, and threw my gun an' scabbard an' all at 'is feet.

"There, durn ye!" says I, 'go to it! Ye blame coward yuh, shoot away, an' then fill yer infernal wretched minchin' carkiss full o' lead an' leave the decentes' woman 'at ever lived a chanst t' git some peace she'll never know so long as *you're* on top th' earth t' hound 'er!"

"Say! 'e looks at the gun, picks it up, an—"

Jimmy threw away his half-smoked cigarette as he rose to his feet, continuing:

"I had t' choke 'im—I'm 'shamed t' tell it, but I did, fer sure. He want goin' t' shoot me. He wor goin' t' kill hisself. I couldn't sca'cely git th' gun off'n him. W'en I did that same, he wor cryin' wit' shame an' rage. It tuk me nigh a hour t' tame 'im down. Then 'e says t' me, 'e says,—

"Mr. O'Callaghan"—meanin' Jimmy O'—'I have seen a great light. You

have done me an inestimable service. You have more than saved a life—you have saved a soul.'

"You bet I lit out fer th' range 'bout then, an' I nev' turns up fer three months.

"I was passin' the dinky rancho, then, an' w'at happens? Harold is out in overalls a-makin' th' garding—workin' hard, too. Rancho looks mighty prosperous—turkeys, chickens, ducks, roses, an' all. An' Harold he sees me. Say! You'd a-thought I were the long-lost brother! He pretty nigh kissed me—wife did reely—both uv 'em laughin' an' cryin' like. And Daddy! Well, the dear ole chap jest hung onto my loose han' and wet it up some wit' 'is tears.

"Seems Harold had come back t' th' picnickers an' tole 'em all about it; said he'd never knew he was so plum' onery ontill I made it plain. Wife she starts to break in, but dad he hol's up 'is hand fer her t' wait ontill Harold gits through. Then, sir, dad, bein' a preach, says, 'Let us pray'. An' right there 'e thanks God fer th' 'lightenment of 'is on'y son, et cetera."

Jimmy took a long drink at the *olla*. Then, with his quizzical smile, he added:

"An' all three uv 'em er now prayin' fer Jimmy O'."

"Which same he sure needs," declared Eddy, as he closed his eyes for another siesta.

THE "ONE-LUNGER."

NUMBER SEVENTEEN.

I have seen many men and some women with the hopeless misery in their faces, that self-conscious stricken look which is the pariah's knowledge of doom: for this is the "Winter of our discontent," wherein the health-seeker from the East, fleeing the approaching cold, revels in the blue skies and glorious warmth of an Arizona winter. I repeat, I have seen many men—but keep me, pitying gods! from second sight of one passing face in which shone forth the hopeless longing for the home forever closed to him because of his affliction, and the thought of the possible fate of dear ones should his life and theirs further converge.

I had known Barton Mack as a boy and man; for he was from my home town. Unfortunately for him, he had not outgrown the illiberalism of youth. Our free full life did not appeal to him; and, besides, he was cursed with a certain aloofness which he could not overcome, and this, of itself, prevented the "mixing" essential to proper understanding of men and manners in the West. I had done my best but gave him up as hopeless a fortnight before. I couldn't even interest him in stamps. This morning he passed the shack, afoot, his face studiously set against me. I did not hail him, and my delinquency was strong on my conscience. When the sting of it was just taking hold, the inevitable cloud of dust appeared. It was a minute later that Jimmy O.' threw himself from his petted cow-pony, hurtled his way up the path to the hammock, flopped into it, and delivered himself of the single phrase, "By heck!" that expressed for him sometimes grief, sometimes anger. Then he laughed.

"Say! It sure would get you! That old cow-puncher, Jack Frazer, 's got an auto—I see him stickin' the spurs into it an' yellin' 'whoa! whoa!' as he went up MacDonald street, me wavin' my Scotch plaid at him an' yellin' fit to bust my lungs. I sure near got pinched by that new marshal, only the boys kidded him to a finish. An' Phil Mets, too—he's got an auto. Criminy Jims! Next

we know, you'll be gettin' yours out, an' Johnny'll be buyin' one, an' the hull range'll smell o' gasoline, an'—"

Jimmy was out of breath. He rolled a cigarette, and looked quizzically at me, for my auto was taboo. I had bought "Doc" Balmer's one-lunger discard, which "Doc" declared would really go without the aid of horses, got stuck on the desert seven miles from home, and was towed ignominously into town by two gleeful cowboys, one of whom insisted upon relieving me at the steering wheel. After that experience, I carefully locked the one-lunger in the shed and tinkered with it off and on. It had its fits and starts of going, but the fits predominated.

All of which is a stage aside.

"Anyway," resumed Jimmy, from the obscurity of cigarette smoke, "since Trevor Moore went 'hover 'ome' after sellin' his ranche to good ole Johnny Williams, an' ole Eddy Fyne's foreman, an' the red-headed girl in the postoffice is properly roped an' tied to her puncher choice—thereby deprivin' me of my light through life,—I say, friend o' mine"—

Jimmy stopped, looking expectantly down the path. Barton Mack was passing once more, reading a letter. He looked up, smiled, spoke, and passed on. Jimmy turned to me again.

"It's a bum bully old world, an' we like it lots. But me—well, breathe it not—or at least gentle-like, I'm goin' back to college—engineering fer mine."

I looked incredulous.

"Yes; I shall resume my studies and my English undefiled. This tranquil life has no further charms for me. Dad has issued his call to the wild—and I have heard it."

When Jimmy sloughed his range language I knew it was generally serious. This time it was fatal.

"Before I soak up education I'm continuin' human," declared Jimmy, with his whimsical smile. "Meantime, who's your friend?"

I told poor Mack's history from the cradle to the verge of the grave.

"And, Jimmy," I said in closing, "if there's anything you can do—anything

you can think up to interest him, do it. It'll save his life."

Jimmy smoked and blew rings for an hour while I read the WEEKLY, small ads and all. Then he broke the silence.

"Speakin' of autos, what'll you take fer yours?"

"Jimmy," I said, sadly, "if you weren't a friend of mine I'd give it to you."

"Nope. I'll lease it," declared Jimmy.

So, for the sum of one dollar, to make it legal, Jimmy O.' leased a certain Cadillac one-lunger, which I warranted not to go, and I further loaned him the use of tools and shop—garage, Jimmy insisted on calling it. Jimmy took possession at once, and I started into the mountains that afternoon, to delve amongst some prehistoric dwellings.

Three weeks later I came into town, brown, unshaven, my clothing in rags, but rich with precious specimens of other days. A familiar chug-chug struck my ear, and behold! up the main street of Willow went my old one-lunger, Barton Mack at the wheel, Jimmy beside him.

"The holy pride of parenthood's in their systems," explained Jack Frazer, whom I encountered on the bank corner.

An hour later Jimmy came up the old path to the waiting hammock, dug up "the makin's" and when properly obscured, explained:

"You see, I knowed that boy was plumb dyin' fer somethin' to occupy his twenty-four hours, only eight of which he had to sleep in, so I thinks o' your auto. That'd keep anybody busy. Sure!"

I nodded approval.

"Then I milled around till eatin' time, an' foller'd 'em in to the chink's. Jack was there—an' Phil—an' Bart—all lookin' solemn as a Pima on parade. Me—I felt some swelled up.

"Hello!" I says. "Where's your auto, Jack?"

"Shop," says Jack, sour like.

"Broke a laig, Jack? You sure'll have to shoot it," I says. Bart snickered—fer the first time since he left home, I bet.

"Jack had to grin, an' he says: 'Well, ole scout, wait till you get one!'

"Then Jack started to eat his soup, but I cooled it for him. I says:

"Me? Oh, I got one, now."

"Jimmy looked at me quizzically.

"But I won't repeat the language them two ole bachelors used up on me when they found it was Doc's—er—former patient. But say! the kid—Bart—he flares up an' butts in; says that auto was made in his ole town—Detroit-fer-Mine—nothin' to beat it, even if it was old it was honest—an' he 'lowed he'd make it go if I'd let him. Say! He showed as much interest as an over-due mortgage, an' we fed 'im plenty.

"We never stopped fer pie, even, but hit it fer the garage. Say, if there's anythin' in mechanics Bart don't know, shoot me! He had to disembowel that auto an' fer four days I was cleanin' parts. Then he gets busy an' assembles. Go? You seen us!"

Jimmy swung back and forth, the joy of conquest in his soul. Up the path came Barton Mack, color in cheeks, and eyes alight with interest. With a warm clasp of the hand, he said:

"Can't thank you enough. If it hadn't been for 'Old Faithful' and Jimmy, here, I'd ended everything three weeks ago. Now I'll get well—the Doctor tells me so—said all I needed was to take interest"—

"He's renewed the mortgage," interrupted Jimmy, from his obscurity.

"And I love the country and the people—and the family is coming out to spend the Winter!"

Mack was happy as a boy. He had arrived!

"One of his sisters collects stamps," added Jimmy, "an' she's goin' to bring 'em with her. She's got Monaco complete, shades an' all, an' two copies o' the five francs, first issue, Bart tells me. She specializes in Monaco, he says."

"She'll give you one of them sure, Jimmy," declared Mack. "I'll make her."

Jimmy looked horror-struck; then he blushingly added:

"An' now that we're closin' these simple annals of the range, allow me to add that I'll take that course in engineerin' in little ole Ann Arbor. I'll board at Bart's."

Which is fitting close for these chronicles and Jimmy's history.

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